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LE BEAU MONDE,

AND

MONTHLY REGISTER,

FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

THE SEVENTH NUMBER.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SALUTATION.

To the Editor of Le Beau Monde, and Monthly Register.

SIR,

I OBSERVE, in one of your former Numbers, some account of the various modes of salutation that are employed by different nations and people to express civility and respect. This account appears to have been extracted and abridged from a little work published a short time since in France. I have become a constant reader of your elegant Miscellany, and cannot avoid thinking that you would render an essential service to literature and the arts, without any injury to your own undertaking, if you would discard a little of the FRIPPERY of the *Beau Monde* from the publication, and dedicate your labours to the advancement of real learning, literature, and taste, for which yourself and your coadjutors appear to be so competent. Let the proprietors of works such as have nothing else to recommend them but *miserable daubs*, called embellishments, pursue the plan of puffing themselves and of puffing the authors who purchase their commendations; and resign to such publications those gewgaws which in the eye of real taste and judgment add to the expense, without increasing the value, of a work; and let a Miscellany approaching to the character of excellence, at which you aim, be as chaste in its ornaments and real embellishments, as it has hitherto been in the design and execution of the literary department. I send the inclosed, to supply the deficiencies of the paper which you have printed upon Salutation; and I shall form some opinion of the temper with which you receive my well-meant observations, by the attention you show to them.

I am your constant reader,

* * *.

The Editor of Le Beau Monde, and Monthly Register, *had some hesitation whether he should print this Letter before the communication which it enclosed, lest his readers should be inclined to blame him for that practice into which so many of his cotemporaries have fallen, namely, that of printing panegyrics upon their own works; but he has considered that compliments of*

that general nature which are conveyed by the expressions of your elegant Miscellany, *or* the acknowledged abilities of yourself and coadjutors, *are to be considered in much the same way as other modes of salutation expressive of mere civility and respect: he therefore at length determined to print the Letter just as he received it, without presuming to appropriate, either to his coadjutors or himself, more of the compliments which it contains than the public shall think them fairly entitled to. The Editor begs that his readers will accommodate these observations to other expressions of a similar nature which he finds will occur in the letters of other correspondents.*

THE eastern salutations vary considerably, according to the difference of rank of the persons they saluted. The common salutation (according to Sandys, in the GESTA DEI, &c. p. 50.) is laying the right hand on the bosom, and a little declining their bodies: but when they salute a person of *great rank*, they bow almost to the ground, and kiss the hem of his garment. *Egmont* and *Heymann*, agreeably to this, tell us, (Vol. I.) that two Greek noblemen that introduced them to the exiled Cham of Tartary, who resided at Scio, *kissed his robe* at their entrance; and that they took their leave of him with the same ceremonies: and Dr. Pococke (Vol. II. p. 237) says, that when he attended the English consul on a visit of ceremony which he made the Pasha of Tripoli, upon his return from meeting the Mecca caravan, the two dragomans (or interpreters of the consul) *kissed the pasha's garment*, and put it to their foreheads, as soon as he was seated, when he granted a request that was made, and when they went away. PITTS, (p. 66,) LE BRUYN, (tom. I. p. 422,) and THEVENOT, (p. 30,) agree with Sandys, also, in the accounts they give of the common salutation; which compliment the last-mentioned author tells us he saw the Grand Signor himself pay the people, when he rode through the streets of Constantinople. "He saluted all the people, having his right hand constantly upon his breast, bowing first to one side, and then to another; and the people, with a low and respectful voice, wished him all happiness and prosperity." (p. 57.) This form of salutation, then, among equals, is what superiors sometimes use to those much below them. It is not, however, to be apprehended that this is any proof that the customs of the east, with respect to the manner of doing persons honour there, are changed, though we read that when our Lord entered with something of state into Jerusalem, they *cried*, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest." And that when Solomon was brought up from Gihon, after having received the regal unction, "the people rejoiced with great joy, so that *the earth rent with the sound of them*:"—(1 Kings i. 40.) since these were not the *sounds of salutation*, but the cries of the people, at some distance from Solomon, did they not thus dispersedly express their triumph?

MAILLET informs us farther, that when there is any rain at Cairo, it is so extraordinary, and at the same time so exquisitely grateful, that the children run about the streets with *cries of joy*, (Let. 1. p. 17.); and that when the only son of that magnificent personage who was Pasha of Egypt in 1696, was passing along in a grand procession, in order to be circumcised, the way was all strewed with flowers, and the air *rung* with acclamations and cries of joy. (Let. x. p. 178.) This was among a people that would doubtless have *saluted* a prince, as he passed along, in the same manner in which the people of Constantinople saluted their sovereign sultan—with a *low and respectful voice.* This difference is to be attended to, as it serves to determine that what was said, when our Lord entered Jerusalem, was the expression of gratification and triumph, not a *salutation*, or speaking *to* him.

Shaw's account of the Arab compliment, *Peace be unto you*, or common salutation, agrees with what has been mentioned; but he further tells us that inferiors, out of deference and respect, *kiss the feet, the knees, or the garments* of their superiors, (p. 237.)

SALUTATION.

He might have added, or the *hands*; for *D'Arvieux* tells us, that though the Arab emir he visited withdrew his hand when he offered to kiss it, he frequently offered it to people to kiss, when he had a mind to oblige them to do him that homage. (*Voyage dans la Pal.*) They are not, however, expressions of equal submission. The kissing the *hand* is not only *apparently* less lowly than that of the *feet*, but D'Arvieux expressly tells us so, in another passage, (p. 252,) when he says that the Arab women, who wait on the Arab princes, *kiss* their hands when they do them *the favour* not to suffer them to kiss their *feet*, or the *border of their robe*.

Dr. Shaw observes, that in these respects the Arabs were just the same two or three thousand years ago as they are now; and ceremonies of the like kind, we may believe, were used anciently among the *neighbouring people too*, as they are at this time. So our Lord represents a servant falling down at his master's *feet*, when he had a favour to beg; and an inferior servant as paying the same compliment to the first, who was, it seems, a servant of a higher class. (Matt. xviii. 26. 29.) In like manner the Evangelist Luke tells us that Jairus fell down at our Lord's *feet*, when he begged he would go and heal his daughter. (c. viii. 41.)—That St. Peter fell at the knees of Jesus after the present Arab mode; and he represents the woman troubled with the issue of blood, as touching the *hem* of his garment, which I suppose means kissing it. The other inhabitants of that country, we find, used the same ceremonies. So the Cyro-Phœnician woman fell at our Lord's feet, (Mark vii. 26, 27.); not to mention instances of remoter antiquity.

It is agreed that there is something very graceful and noble in the eastern forms of salutation. (See Rauwolff, p. 42. Pococke, Vol. I. p. 182.) Some of them, however, have appeared too low, and expressive of too much disproportion. The natives of the west, therefore, when they have been in the eastern countries, have not been wont to adopt these profound expressions of respect. So CONON the Athenian, on account of that kind of adoration which the kings of Persia exacted of every one that came into their presence, declined personal converse with that prince, and chose to transact his business with him by writing; not, he said, that *he* was *himself* unwilling to pay *any kind of honour* to the king, but because he thought it might be a disgrace to the state to which he belonged, if he should rather observe, on this occasion, the usage of those they called Barbarians than *theirs*. (Corn. Nep. Vit. Conon.) Such was precisely the corelative situation of our late ambassador to China, Lord Macartney, (Sir G. Stanton's Account of the Embassy, &c.) and to which the failure, almost altogether, of the embassy, has been attributed. The Romans, however, sometimes seem to have thought these expressions of reverence too great for mortals; at least they sometimes spoke of them in that strain. Thus Quintus Curtius (lib. vi. c. 6.) tells us that Alexander thought the habit and manners of the Macedonian kings unequal to *his greatness*, after the conquest of Asia, and was for being treated according to the modes of Persia, where kings were reverenced *in the same manner as the gods*. He therefore suffered people, in token of respect, *to lay upon the ground before him*, &c.

This was enough also to lead St. Peter to say to Cornelius, a Roman, who received him with a reverence esteemed the lowest and most submissive even in the ceremonious east, and which the Romans were wont to speak of as too solemn to be paid to mere men—"Stand up: I myself also am a man." (Acts x. 26.) Though Cornelius intended nothing idolatrous, nor did St. Peter suppose he did. In truth, there was something extraordinary in this prostration of Cornelius, but without any thing of idolatry. He was a person of *rank*; St. Peter made no figure in civil life; yet Cornelius received him, not only with respect, but as his superior: not only as his superior, but with the greatest degree of reverence, according to the usages of his own nation, and with an expression of veneration which, although common in the country where Cornelius then resided, his countrymen were ready to say

ought to be appropriated to them that were more than men. But it seems he felt the greatest degree of awe at the sight of the Apostle, and these emotions threw him into the attitude we have frequently seen the inhabitants of Syria put themselves in, when they would exhibit the greatest reverence; the rather, as the Apostle was a native of that country.

The case of St. John's throwing himself at the feet of the Angel, (Rev. xix. 10. and xxii. 9.) is to be viewed in a somewhat different light. St. John did nothing at all but *what was conformable to the usages of his own country*, when the people of it designed innocently to express great reverence and gratitude. It is astonishing, then, that so many learned men should have looked upon it as an idolatrous prostration. Nothing, however, is more certain than this fact; and it has been thus understood, not only by controversial writers, when disputing with heat against their antagonists, but by the more cool and dispassionate commentators. That they should not at all consider the eastern usages is no wonder; they have been in common, most unhappily, neglected: but the attempt of the Apostle to repeat the prostration (for he would have done it a second time) sufficiently showed, one would imagine, that he did not think the Angel rejected it as a mark of *idolatrous respect*. What a strange interpretation must that be, which supposes St. John, a Jew by descent, a mortal enemy (that is, by birth) to all idolatry—a zealous preacher against it through a very long life—who finished one of his epistles with these very words, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols;" as desirous to have this perpetually fixed on their memories, whatever else they forgot—should, when suffering in Patmos, and *when blessed with the influence of the prophetic spirit*, attempt to do an idolatrous action, and to repeat that attempt in opposition to the check of his *celestial teacher!* Nothing surely can be more inconceivable. At the same time, nothing is easier than the true interpretation. Smitten with veneration for his angelic instructor, and full of gratitude towards him for what he had shown him, he fell, *according to the custom of his nation*, at his feet, to do him reverence. "See thou do it not," said the Angel; "*it is not to me these thanks are due; I have in this been only fulfilling the orders of him who is my Lord as well as your's. Worship God, therefore, to whom, in justice, you ought to ascribe these illuminations.*" From the additional force of this grateful action, as well as from a lively sense that though honours are ultimately due to God, as the original Author of every good gift, and in particular of intellectual lights, yet that it was fit to express a reverence to them, *too*, that are the instruments of conveying them to us. St. John, upon some farther revelation of the Angel, would have again thrown himself at his feet, but found the Angel persevering in that most amiable modesty—— "Worship God."

Dr. Shaw says, that *the falling down at a person's feet* is the way of expressing respect among the people of the east.

D'Herbelot observes, that *kissing the feet* was a ceremony very ancient in Persia; for it was instituted by its first king, as a mark not only of the reverence to be paid to kings by their subjects, but of taking the oath of fidelity and homage by vassal and feudatory princes. This ceremony was afterwards changed to *kissing of the ground* in the presence of their princes. This *ancient Persian custom* continues to the present day.

We will not cite every passage of D'Herbelot, relating to this ceremony; but one is worthy of note, in which he mentions the behaviour of an eastern prince towards his conqueror. This prince, he says, threw himself, one day, on the ground, and kissed the prints that his victorious enemy's horse had made: then reciting these verses in Persian:

"The mark that the foot of your horse has left upon
The dust serves me for a crown.
"The ring which I wear as the badge of my slavery, is
Become my richest treasure.
"While I shall have the happiness to kiss the dust of

Your feet, I shall think that fortune favours me
With its tender caresses and its sweetest kisses."

This flattery, it seems, was so well received by the conqueror, who was a very vain-glorious prince, and fond of adulation, that from that time forward he would always have the unfortunate prince near him; and he so well improved that favourable circumstance as at length to obtain his liberty, and, soon after, his re-establishment.

Therefore this expression of Isaiah is not an extravagance of eastern rhetoric—*Kings and queens shall bow down to thee with their face to the earth, and lick up the dust of thy feet.*

The editor of the Ruins of *Balbec* observed, that the Arab governor of that city respectfully applied the firman of the Grand Signor to his *forehead*, that was presented to him when he and his fellow-travellers first waited on him, and then *kissed it*, declaring himself the sultan's slaves' slave. (Vide Noldii Conc. in part. GNAL. 24.)

ON THE ARTIFICIAL FRUITS IN WAX, OF THE ANCIENTS.

ONE of the causes of that discouraging superiority to which the Greeks carried every art, consists in the discrimination with which they estimated the different nature and *perfectionability* of the various materials which they employed. *Wax* was one of the first substances of which the Grecian artist availed himself. It invited his hand, by the docility with which it yielded to all the forms of his imagination. A century before the existence of Phidias, Anacreon speaks of a little waxen Cupid, in an Ode which without doubt gave birth to that female dealer in Cupids which was found in Herculanæum, and from which so many copies have been made. Even when sculpture in marble and bronze had arrived at its highest perfection, there existed in Greece a particular class of artists who were called Εἰκωνοπλασες, or *puppet-modellers*, who exerted themselves to rival even the works of Lysippus and Phidias. But it was easy to perceive that these materials were capable of affording nothing beyond mere *dolls*, in comparison with the masterpieces of real statuary; and at the same time it was obvious that this substance, by its delicacy and aptitude to receive colours, was eminently proper for the imitation of vegetable nature, such as branches of trees, garlands, fruits, and flowers. Its true purpose being once discovered, no more was necessary than to display the productions of this new art, in order to encourage similar attempts, and to bring it speedily to a perfection truly admirable.

The festivals of Adonis, which are said to have passed from Syria and Phœnicia into Greece, were celebrated at the termination of winter. Adonis was considered in them as the symbol of dying and reviving Nature. Lamentations and songs of gladness succeeded each other for many days together; and the women, who were the principal actresses in these rites, exhibited, even in the cities of Greece, all the licentiousness of an open seraglio. It was, beside, the custom to form in every house, at this season, a little flower-bed, which was called the Garden of Adonis, and was ornamented with pots of flowers, and baskets of every sort of fruit. Theocritus has an *Idyllium* in which he describes one of these festivals of Adonis, as he saw it celebrated at Alexandria by Ptolemy Philadelphus and his queen Arsinoë. Of part of this Idyllium we shall here present our readers with a translation, for which we are obliged to a friend:

ARTIFICIAL FRUITS IN WAX.

O Aphrodite! who dost sportive move
In wreathy gold, the majesty of love—
Who in th' Idalian meadows dost delight,
Or Golgi's towers, or Eryx' verdant height—
Behold (for twice six months have fill'd the year)
Thy lov'd Adonis shall again appear!
Him, lo, the shadow-footed Hours restore,
And waft from Acheron's eternal shore.
Sweet Hours! the tardiest daughters of the skies,
Long, long expected, long desir'd, they rise;
And, as they softly glide, around them throw
Their varied gifts of mingled joy and woe.
Hail, offspring of Dione! who couldst free
A mortal being from mortality—
Couldst to thy Berenice's veins impart
Ambrosial life eternal through her heart;
Grateful to thee, (O thou, for joys implor'd,
By countless names in numerous fanes ador'd,)
Arsinoë, as Grecian Helen fair,
Thy Berenice's daughter, shall prepare
Gifts, grateful gifts, as off'rings, to adorn
Thy own Adonis' still-reviving morn.
Fruits in their prime from every tree are here,
And blooming shrubs in silver jars appear;
From golden urns rich Syrian unguents flow,
And alabaster breathes perfume below.
What female hands on cover'd tablets make
From plastic dough, and form the figur'd cake,
In modell'd shapes express thy mystic power,
And plant gay blossoms on the moisten'd flour,
Or now in birds and reptiles shew their skill,
And every form with oil and honey fill—
All these are here; and mimic bowers are seen,
Where slender fennel waves its shadowy green;
And little Loves, like sparrow-nestlings, sit,
Or o'er the slender tendrils seem to flit,
As when from bough to bough the young wren springs,
And tremblingly makes trial of her wings:
In ebony and ivory and gold
The eagles of Saturnian Jove unfold
Their bolder pinions on the buoyant wire,
And with his cup-bearer aloft aspire.
As balmy sleep beneath the weary head,
Soft o'er a couch above are mantles spread;
From rich Miletus was the fabric brought,
With tender flax of Samian meadows wrought.
This for Adonis, beauteous youth, is spread*;
This forms the Queen of Cyprian pleasure's bed.
Adonis here extends his roseate arms,
A spouse in all his adolescent charms,
Of eighteen, or at most of nineteen years;
His lip unkiss'd in ruddy pride appears:
But that full lip shall be with rapture prest,
For Cyprus clasps her husband to her breast.
To-morrow, ere the early mist ascends,
While yet with dew-drops every flowret bends,
In throngs we'll bear the youthful spouse away,
Where o'er the sea-beach breaks the silv'ry spray:
There, with our tresses loose, our robes unbound,
Falling disorder'd on the humid ground,
With bosoms bare, uncover'd every limb,
We'll there commence the sweetly-son'rous hymn.
N.

Here, among the ornaments which surround the image of Adonis, the poet enumerates "Fruits in their prime from every tree." This expression throws a light upon the whole passage. How was it possible to procure, at the end of winter, the fruits of every season? Not even Greece, nor Italy, nor even Egypt, would have been able to afford, at such a period of the year, so extensive a produce. It is astonishing that none of the Syracusan poet's commentators have been aware of this difficulty, which

* The contributor of this article must be aware that he has here taken too great a liberty with his original. We do not, however, disapprove of free translations; but any attempt to improve upon an ancient author is always unjust, and has generally the air of conceit. The words of Theocritus are,

Οἱ δε τε κῶροι ὑπερπωτῶνται Ἔρωτες
Οἷοι αηδονιῆς εφεζομενοι ἐπὶ δενδρων
Πωτῶνται πτερυγων πειρωμενοι ὄζον απ' οζω.

Eid. iε. EDITOR.

ARTIFICIAL FRUITS IN WAX.

ceases to be inexplicable only in imagining these fruits to have been made of wax; and at the same time this supposition elucidates the proverbial expression of the *Gardens of Adonis*, which served the ancients as a term of comparison for every thing of short duration, of which the outside promised a great deal, and the inside presented nothing.

Having thus determined that fruits, and probably that flowers, imitated in wax, were displayed in the wide-extended festivals of Adonis, why should we not conclude, that in many other ceremonies the ancients decorated their temples, choirs, and apartments with baskets, vases and wreathes, for which artificial fruits and flowers were employed instead of the fleeting productions of nature? If it should be objected that, although it may have been proved imitations of this sort were common among the Greeks, yet that it still remains to be demonstrated that wax was the material of imitation, such doubt and such objection must cease on the persual of the following anecdotes. The most important is extracted from Diogenes Laertes, who relates it as an example of that infatuation which possessed the sophists of his time, of clinging to their opinion through intricacies of specious truths.

A Stoic, born on the banks of the Boristhenes, whose name was Sphærus, was invited to the court of Alexandria, where Ptolemæus Philopator sometimes gave him a seat at his table, and amused himself with hearing him explain his philosophy, and detail his paradoxes. The sect of the Stoics sustained, in contradiction to the Academics, among other positions, the perfect reality of the images and ideas which we receive from the impressions of our senses. One day, while Sphærus was defending this principle at the king's table, with great warmth and eagerness, Ptolemæus made a sign to one of the attendants, who immediately placed a dish of pomegranates before the heated philosopher. Sphærus, without hesitation, extended his hand towards them with the intention of cooling his lips with their juice, but Ptolemæus stopped him, telling him, with an air of triumph, that these *apparent* pomegranates were in *reality* wax. Sphærus was not confounded: he again set himself to prove to the monarch that he had not the idea of taking a real pomegranate, but the real appearance of a pomegranate, and entered into an elaborate discourse on reality and resemblance, which, whatever its subtleties might prove, gives us at least this assurance, that the Greeks of Alexandria, under Ptolomæus Philopator, imitated fruits very ingeniously in wax.

This invention furnished Heliogabalus with some of the least cruel of his amusements. Lampridius Ælius relates that he frequently ordered his guests and parasites to be served with exquisite imitations in wax, ivory, and marble, of the delicacies which he devoured with avidity, and which were placed on his table only. The wretched guests were obliged, under pain of death, to keep up their spirits in despight of hunger; and when each service had thus passed off magnificently before them, they were, according to the custom of the time, presented with water to wash their hands; and for wine, were compelled to swallow a large goblet-full of the limpid stream.

Varro, as quoted by Pliny, relates, that the artist Posis executed at Rome such artificial apples and grapes as might deceive those who were most accustomed to investigate this species of deception. It is true, that this passage is taken from a chapter in which Pliny treats particularly of models in clay, and makes no mention whatsoever of works in wax. It may, however, be observed, that the illusion which he describes could scarcely have been produced by painted clay, while the encaustic painting of the ancients would, on wax, have afforded the most natural imitation of the beautiful bloom of fruit and flowers.

FATAL EFFECTS OF COQUETRY.

TO those who are not insensible to the sweet emotions of pity, and whose hearts *can* feel for *another's* woes, the following letter may not be thought uninteresting. It is said to have been written by an intimate friend of a youth, supposed to have fallen a victim to the perfidy of a woman whom he fondly loved, and to whom he was shortly to have been married. A capricious refusal to fulfil the sacred promises made to him whose affections she had obtained, unnerved the frame of a man and a soldier, who had braved *the battle's rage, and for his country often bled.* Unaccountably interdicted all intercourse with the object of his regard, he found himself, as it were, alone in the world. Life itself was no longer desirable. It became at length intolerable. Hurried by the warmth of a passion that preyed upon his understanding, and panting for the *undisturbed* repose of the grave, in a moment of distraction he rashly terminated his present miseries and his existence.—To her, who was the *cause* of the gallant soldier's untimely fate, to her, who had capriciously trifled with the finer feelings of his heart, and was callous to the *real* emotions of love and friendship, this letter was addressed.—The tale is not *fictitious,* as it alludes to a recent circumstance well known in the neighbourhood where it happened. From the perusal, some good may result to young and inexperienced females; and that a proper impression may be made on their tender minds, is the motive which has induced me to send an exact copy of it for insertion in your work. R.

MADAM,

I have just performed the sincerest tribute which the sacred rights of *friendship* can demand. I have seen committed to their native earth the remains of him whose *last* prayer was offered up to the Throne of Grace for *your* happiness. It is unnecessary for me to *name* the lamented object, because my words will recall to your recollection that there was only one being to whom you had become so dear. Love, *irresistible* love, had taken possession of his soul, and in your person he *fancied* he discovered charms superior to those which your sex generally possess. Animated by hope, and actuated by sincerity, he disclosed to you the passion which he felt; and after a long acquaintance, you acknowledged his merit, and consented to become HIS WIFE.—Promises, alas! are but illusive; and when his fate was completely in your power, when you KNEW that his happiness or misery depended on the sacred fulfilment of your word, *most suddenly* did you refuse all further intercourse with your DESTINED HUSBAND; and as the strongest proof that *he* could give to the world of *his* fidelity and attachment *to you,* in the moment of despair, he terminated his life.—A delicacy (which under these circumstances *might* be deemed unnecessary) prevents my attempting to describe the scene his chamber exhibited, when weltering in his blood this young man was found a lifeless corpse.—I can find no language sufficiently expressive of the *horror* and the *sympathy* it occasioned.—On his table were *all* the letters *you* had written to him—and there was also the *marriage bond,* wherein *he gave to you* all that he possessed; and there was likewise the *licensed permission* which, at your PARTICULAR REQUEST, he had obtained, to complete his own, and, as he imagined, *your* felicity. Beside them were the fatal weapons with which he destroyed himself; and the *last* words he ever wrote were—that he still *madly loved you,* and that without *your* society the world for him had no charms. The anguish of his mind, but *too* forcibly depicted in his pale and ghastly countenance, had not been softened down by the hand of death; but the eye of feeling and of friend-

EFFECTS OF FEMALE COQUETRY.

ship was delighted to find a *heavenly resignation* expressed in his cold and inanimate features, which *compelled* us to believe that his crime WAS FORGIVEN, and that his spirit rests on the BOSOM OF HIS GOD.—Had you beheld his funeral procession, I think *even you* would have given *one* tear of pity to his departed worth. When you had beheld his companions in arms with sorrowing looks attending him to his *mansion of peace*—that grave which was soon to hide him for ever from their sight—even you might have remembered that this respect was paid to his valor. The mournful sounds of the muffled drum and attending band *must* have sunk deep into your bosom; and when you saw his brother officers supporting his pall, you would have known how truly he was lamented. His gloves, his sash, his helmet, his sword, deposited on his coffin, would have recalled to your memory his gallant deeds—and the sight of his PISTOLS might have made YOU sigh at his UNTIMELY FATE. His horse, clad in sable, and decorated with white favors, bearing his boots and spurs reversed, might have reminded you, that *honor* and *fame* had not only led William on *to victory*—but now attended to *grace his obsequies;* and thousands of surrounding spectators, paying due tribute to his virtues, and to his early and unhappy destiny, might have made you PROUD to have been the wife of such a man.—The burial service, read so impressively as it was, interrupted only by the half-stifled sighs of the preacher, and the loud sobbings of every *female* bosom, would, I think, have remained *indelibly* impressed on your memory; and the dirge which was sung for his departed soul would not readily have been forgotten. Had you accompanied his body to the earth, and seen his grave moistened with the tears of the worthy and the good—had you read the inscription on the coffin—"Here rest in peace the remains of a soldier, who, having acquired glory in foreign climes, returned with eagerness to his native land, in order to share the enjoyment of it with the object of his regard: but unable to support the miseries of unrequited love, and to bear the change of diappointed affection, sought for happiness in that other and better world where NO DECEIT is known, and ventured an unbidden guest into the presence of his Maker,"—you might have brought to your recollection the strong expressions of regard you had written to him—you might have remembered his vow, that *nearest his heart* should be entombed that lock of YOUR HAIR which had been SENT him as the *sacred* pledge of your intention to become HIS WIFE—you might have recollected the numerous and costly proofs of his regard with which in return he presented you: and you would have learnt that the golden ornament, designed to decorate your finger, and with which he had fondly hoped soon to have acquired the endearing name of husband, was also deposited in the same dark abode. The last letter which he ever wrote to you—not upbraiding YOUR PERFIDY—not accusing you as the *cause* of his death, but filled with the most tender expressions of love and friendship, must have rushed upon your memory. Had you observed the tears which graced the attending soldiers' manly cheeks, and witnessed the sorrow of the surrounding spectators—had marked his favorite charger, the long and faithful companion and sharer in all his dangers, his wounds, and his victories, with an apparent mournful countenance looking over his master's grave, I think even you would have been affected. When the last prayer for my friend's *eternal* happiness was finished, a solemn pause ensued!—This awful silence, however, was soon interrupted by the most impressive scene that could be witnessed.—For a moment the sun shone forth in refulgent splendour, and his declining rays threw a lustre over the face of nature, which arrested the admiration of every beholder. Gradually, but magnificently, did the glorious luminary vanish! and I exclaimed, "May WILLIAM's exit, like thine, have been serene though awful; and may his RISING be great and illustrious as thy morning beams!" The death-bell again smote the hearts of the mourners, on their return to their homes, and the unfortunate youth and YOU were the subject of their evening's converse. If at some future time you do approach the altar, you

may then imagine that him, to whom you had *promised* there to be united *in wedlock's holy bands*, possessed every qualification which could adorn the husband, the father, and the friend. You may fancy that his departed spirit, at that moment, is watching over YOUR DESTINY, and praying to the Great Disposer of events to render you HAPPY. It will be no injustice to contrast, even with a sigh, the MERRY wedding-peal of this day with the melancholy knell which now dies upon my ear, whilst it tolls your FAITHFUL lover to his CLAY-COLD bed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BEAU MONDE.

SIR,

HAVING been so lately introduced to your acquaintance, through the medium of your excellent work, I fear I may be considered as impertinent, and rather an obtruder on your time, by addressing this letter to you; but considering you, Mr. Editor, as one of those guiding-posts that are happily placed to put weary and bewildered travellers in the best path, I venture to claim your assistance in directing me through mine.—It will be unnecessary here to enter into a genealogical dissertation either upon my birth or ancestry. It is enough to say, that I inherited the proudest of *national* distinctions in being born an *Englishman*: but although glorying, like our beloved Monarch, "in the name of a Briton," I still felt myself a citizen of the world, and determined to make myself one, by devoting the earliest part of my life to an examination of those various laws and habits that bind man to man, and connect the great and golden chain of social intercourse. Accordingly, Sir, I set out on my wanderings, and first witnessed, with disgust, beneath the enervating influence of a blue Italian sky, and unchanging sunshine, the effect of climate upon character, mind, and manners. I had from thence transferred myself, in somewhat of a wayward mood, to seek a different picture in the frozen regions of the North, which, if less favourable towards nature in some of her features, yet, in its intellectual cultivation, is far more friendly than enfeebling suns, and perpetual flowers and fragrance: but, alas! I was a spectator of that dreadful national punishment the *knout*; and I again turned away my disappointed footsteps, to seek some milder region, where its punishments might be more tempered with mercy, if not with justice. For a description of its horrors, and the mode in which it is inflicted, I must beg to refer you, Sir, to Sir Robert Kerr Porter's "Travelling Sketches in Russia," a work, of which, from your observations in the critical department of a former Number, I am led to believe you do not entertain so favourable an opinion as I think it deserves.— I hastily pursued my route from Petersburg to Constantinople, but there both pleasure and power I found held a still more despotic sway; and whilst, as I quitted it, the external beauties of its buildings and its seraglios receded from my view, I turned to the silent contemplation of its internal miseries; the never-failing attendants upon despotism and unrestrained prerogatives.—France was at that moment bursting her chains—those chains which their future victim was himself taking off, when he was so basely and ignominiously hurried to a scaffold; but such horrors had not at that period entered the wildest imagination of that *now* degraded nation; and Liberty was a word which then seemed breathed from every tongue, only to hold its mild and tranquil reign in every heart.—With all the enthusiasm of my country, that country which never yet slumbered when such a watch-word was sounded, *I* too joined the general cry with the mingling voice of thousands, till I arrived at the foot of the guillotine, and saw it stained with the blood of the best of monarchs, and the most virtuous of her citizens; and that slavery, in all its

horrors, never wore so terrific a form as *Liberty* had now assumed. But I still sighed to see her—that mountain-nymph the poet had described, and with all the ardor of enthusiasm to seek her on her native mountains, where the hovering shade of a *Tell* still preserved its pure, unaltered form: but, alas! even here the blood-hounds pursued her, and again I fled in disgust. I now began to sigh for repose—remembered I was still an Englishman, and, in the pride of that recollection, involuntarily did I exclaim with my native bard—

"Where'er I go, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee."

Imagine me, Mr. Editor, welcoming, once more welcoming, those white cliffs which absence at this moment seemed but to have endeared; and after a lapse of twenty years, once again in the midst of the crowded streets of the first metropolis in the world. I did not expect, after an absence of so many years, to recognize again the friends and the faces of former times; I therefore thought it better to pass for a stranger amongst strangers; but the ramble of a single day convinced me that such a precaution was totally unnecessary, for I seemed indeed transported to some unknown region, where I found myself, excepting its language, ignorant of all that surrounded me. Wherever I looked, I saw nothing of that national costume I had been accustomed to see in England, and which, at the period I quitted it, so decidedly distinguished the peer from the plebeian. I now saw, as I walked along, only boots and frock coats; and concluding, from the appearance of my own sex, that they were grooms or jockeys, I feared I had selected a very unfavourable moment of visiting the metropolis, and that my former friends (names as high in the page of honour as rank) were now absent at their country seats, with a part of their domestic retinue remaining in London. I was confirmed in this idea, on entering one of the most fashionable squares at the West end of the town, by the sight of a splendid landaulet and four, the horses of which were adorned with equally splendid trappings. The interior of this superb vehicle was quite empty, but a couple of saucy-looking servants in the rumble-tumble (as I afterwards was informed it was called) seemed perfectly nonchalance, and at their ease there. I glanced my eye towards the person who was that moment mounting the box, the reins in his hand, and with as much apparent pride as ever Alexander mounted his triumphal car; when, eager to satisfy my curiosity on the question of what noble peer or prince possessed so magnificent an equipage, I ventured to ask him "who his master was?"—In mounting blood of anger, which I saw at this moment crimsoning his cheeks, and the whip-arm at the same moment elevated for chastisement, with the exclamation of "insolent puppy," as he drove off, still served but to increase my perplexity, till one of the out-riders informed me it was Lord J. himself, who was thus *selon la mode* turned *his own coachman*. To conceal my astonishment, and to meditate on the new acquirements of my countrymen, I continued thoughtfully wandering round the square, when a different object for contemplation claimed my attention.—It was beauty, female beauty, with all the mild attractions of figure and face; a form of the most perfect symmetry displayed rather than concealed its harmony of contour, by what appeared, from the scantiness of its drapery, to be rather an apology for dress, than any thing else, and to display all the movements of its lovely wearer with unblushing but seductive ease. The look of admiration which I could not repress, was mingled with the equally involuntary sigh of feeling, whilst, in passing her so nearly as to touch her mantle, I exclaimed, "Alas! frail as fair." Her liveried attendant seemed, like herself, to look at me with surprize: but judge what I felt when she was at this moment recognized by an elderly gentleman, who addressed her by a name distinguished as much by rank as loveliness, and one, too, to which even virtue as well as fashion paid her just tribute of admiration. I turned out of the square overwhelmed by my feelings, and ere I had proceeded many yards, perceived

by the similar costume of nine out of ten of the females who passed me, that this was the present style of dress (should I not rather say undress?) of the ladies of Great Britain. However, forgive me, Mr. Editor, if I am become so antiquated as still to consider Modesty, even with her attendant ornaments, ruffled cuffs and handkerchiefs, as the best handmaiden of the toilette. Tired with my perambulations, I stepped into an adjoining coffee-house, and asked to see the daily papers, hoping to obtain from them some information that might assist my ignorance, and aid me in my future rambles. My curiosity and astonishment were equally excited by a paragraph which announced the various attractions of two rival societies, the Barouche-club and the Four-in-hand, of whose NAMES even, much less of their merits, I had never heard, either in other countries or my own. It mentioned both the time and the square that were on the following morning to present a specimen of this novel accomplishment in our young men of fashion—the art of Driving.—It brushed up, even in anticipation, the almost forgotten classic recollections of my boyish days; it recalled in imagination to my mind the Olympic games, and the young heroes of other times and other climates.—With all the high-wrought feelings of memory and enthusiasm, I repaired to the spot, expecting to see many an English Alcibiades, if not training his coursers to war or guiding them to victory, at least nerving the arm with strength and the frame with vigor, preparatory to their seeking a nobler contest in a prouder field.—But picture to yourself, Sir, if possible, my astonishment, when I saw them seated on the dicky-box, with every arrangement of dress, that pointed out to me, as well as to the assembled multitude, that the distinction they sought seemed to be that of folly rather than glory.—For the victor-laurel which used to adorn the charioteers of old, they had substituted a bouquet of geranium and myrtle, (certainly more appropriate to the wearers,) whilst their servants, in scarlet coats and white hats, or any other dress that better suited the folly, not the taste, of his master, added to his triumph. In all the spirit of just indignation at my degraded countrymen, I turned from them, exclaiming with the poet,

"Go, then—well worthy of the praise ye seek—
———be grooms, and win the plate
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown."

COWPER,

The journals of the next day announced, with as much apparent interest as they would have proclaimed the fate of an empire or the fall of a kingdom, that one of these distinguished heroes sported queen Ann's shillings on his coat instead of buttons; whilst a noble lord, whose ancestors had in former days not only worn, but won, the proudest badges of national honor, rivalled him, by wearing in their place *crown pieces*.

"And can these be Englishmen?" I cried, as I turned sickening from the page which presented to me such a record of our fallen fame.—Hitherto disappointment only had marked my rambles whichever way I turned my footsteps, but I trusted I should be amply repaid in my appropriation of the next evening, in attending the national debates, listening, as I had done in former days, to the unrivalled oratory of British senators. Although I knew that the matchless eloquence of a Chatham was no longer to be heard, or the dazzling powers of his great political antagonist, I still trusted it was not without its Ciceros and Demostheneses, and that many an Aristides also might be found in this august assembly, which I entered with all the pride of national exultation as I looked around me. So recent was my arrival, that the politics and parties of the day were quite unknown to me: how suddenly, then, was all that feeling changed, when, instead of the acknowledged excellencies of our happy constitution and government, (excellencies doubly estimated by me, who had seen in every quarter of the globe the want of those blessings it secures), I heard from the Opposition Benches nothing but an enumeration of its errors; and the necessity of a parliamentary reform echoed from every member that occupied them.—What was it, I silently asked myself, that they wanted to reform?

A mode of government that had, during so long a period, been the boast of our own nation, and the admiration of surrounding ones? or a system of laws, whose influence and power, as I heard had been recently proved, extended as fully to the punishment of the prince as the peasant? or were they only anxious to breathe its threatening sound to the best of monarchs and the most virtuous of men? Could I have dared, in that moment, to have *spoken* as well as *felt*, I should have hinted to all those Right Honorable Gentlemen, that the best and most effectual mode of producing a *public* reform would be, by commencing a *private* one—by looking at *home* as well as *abroad*—by training their sons to a better distinction than a rivalship with their grooms and their coachmen; and teaching their daughters, that a departure from that graceful modesty of dress and manners, hitherto the characteristics of Englishwomen, may eventually produce greater national evils than that book whose pages the Crown and Anchor patriots are at this moment so anxious to consign to destruction. *Public* manners, with all their marking outline, must take their general and strong colouring from *private* ones; and a reflecting mind will feel, that not by its *laws* alone, but by its *virtues* also, must a state be upheld. But, Sir, I am beginning to grow grave, and fear you will get tired of me. Allow me, at least, a place in your excellent and valuable Miscellany, and believe me, though a citizen of the world,

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

An ENGLISHMAN.

ACADEMICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE THYRDE BOKE OF THE MACHABEES;

NOT FOUND IN THE HEBREW CANONS.

(Continued from 469 of Vol. I.)

CHAP. III.

WHEN he understood thees thynges, that wicked man was so angry, that not onlye he shewed hys anger at Alexandrya, but waxed a grevous enemye to all them that dwelt in other partes of the countrye, and commanded all to be gathered together as sone as might be, and to be kylled. Whyle thees thynges were a doinge agaynst the Jewes, there went a great fame that now thees men, which entended to do hurt, hadde occasion geven them, they woulde so do, to let the lawes, that they myght not be kept amongst them. But the Jewes kept styl their fidelitye and love toward the kynge; but bycause they worshypped God, and lived after hys lawes, they shut out some from amongst them, and sent them awaye, wherefore they apperyd to some to be enemys; when they levynge wel and justlye, they were worthy to be commended of all men. As for the good dedes that were spoken of in every place of that nacion, the strangers set naughte bye: but in the communications they reproved the dissentions in their manners and worshippinges, sayeng, that they, and nether the kynge nor the powers, but that they were enemyes, and strove against the common profettes. And it were no small thynges that thees men found fawt at. But the Grecyans, that were in the cyte, wronged in nothynge, perceyvinge this sodden tumult against thees men, and that people came hastely runninge together, seynge they were not able to helpe, because all was ruled by tyranny,

were greatly angry, and cumforted them, and loked for a change, and that this hastye facyon could not indure. Theyre neighbours also, and frendes, and such as bargayned with them, callynge some men prevelie, promysed them there helpe, and all that they could make. But he, waxen proud by thys prosperyty, and not considerynge the power of the greatest God, but thynkinge that he should have always his purpose, wrott this epistle agaynst the Jewes.

Kynge Ptolemeus Philopator to the capitaine and soldiers in Egypte, wheresoever they be, sendeth health and greting—As for me, I am in good health, and my matters are well and in good state. After we hadde taken our journey into Asya, as you know, and that we hadde ready succours gyven unto us of the goddes, and through our strengthe we hadde fynished our journey even al, we would desyre, we thought not by violence of armes, but to entyse by gentelnes and much humanytye the people that dwel in Etlospyra and Phœnicya, and to provoke them wyth our benefytes; and after we hadde sene many cyties and churches, we were moved to go up to Jerusalem, to honour the temples of those mischevous persons, whyche will ever be made; and they in wordes shewed themselves glad of our comynge, but indede were falsely minded, when we desyred to go into theyr holyest place, and to adourne it wyth excellente and goodly giftes; then, moved after the old pryde, would not let us come in, not knowynge our power, and the humanyty that we shewe unto al men; and sheweynge there hateful heart unto us, as tho there were none but they, they would admytte no lawfull offer, for the stubbornes that they bare agaynst kynges, and glory in the benefactors, we, moved with the madeness, and that after our victorye we were come agayne into Egypte, usynge gentlenes toward al nacyons, dyd as it became us, and by proclamation declarynge to forget, in this manner, all the injuries of ther kindred, as well for ther fealoshipp, as for that in the begynninge, thorowe symplicetye, we committed to the infinite busines, we enterprized to change ther estate, and made them cityzens of Alexandrya, and receyved them to be partakers of the perpetual preysthode. Yet they, takynge the thynge otherwise, and refusynge this our goodnes, even of a certayn natural evyll harte alwayes ready to evyll, dyd not only shamefully refuse and despyse our citye, but also in wordes and dedes fewe of them bear us good-will, trusting alwayes that shortlye we shall come to a shameful death. Wherefore* conjecturynge suerly that they are all the means they can yuell-minded towardes us, and perseyving that they should not sodenlye rayse a tumulte, and that we should have at our backes thees wicked traitours and creuel enemyes, we think good to gyve you in commandemente, that as sone as the epystel shall be delyvered unto you, that even the same daye those that be in wryttynge, with there wives and chyldren, fast bound in yron chaynes, wyth much vexacyon, be sent unto us, to theyre great calamytie and shameful slaughter, and as it is meate for enemyes. For as sone as we shall have punyshed thees, we thynk our matters shall afterwardes stand sure, and in good condycyon. And yf any man, from the hyghest to the lowest, defend any Jew, yea and yf it be but a suckynge childe, let him, with al his houshold, be most shamefully tormented; and he that wyll brynge eny of ther names, besydes that, he shall have all the goods of the condemned person; he shall have also of the kynge's gift two thousand groots of sylver, and a garland of lybertye. And in what place soever a Jew shall be founde to be receyved, let it be roasted with fier, and for ever be made unmete for eny man to dwel in.—And thys was the coppe of hys epystle.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR,

On the authenticity of the Third Book of Maccabees.

The name of *Maccabees* was first given to *Judas* and his brethren; therefore the

* Wherefore conjecturing with certainty what they are, and all the means in their power, being evil-minded unto us, &c.
EDITOR.

First Book and the Second, which give us an account of their actions, are called the First Book and Second Book of the *Maccabees*. But because they were sufferers in the cause of their religion, hence others, who were like sufferers in the same cause, and by their sufferings bore witness to the truth, were in after-times called *Maccabees* by the Jews; and for this reason it is that *Josephus*, having written, apart from the rest, the history of those who suffered *martyrdom* under the persecutson of *Antiochus Epiphanes*, gives it the title of the *Maccabees*; and for this reason this history of the persecution of *Ptolemy Philopator* against the Jews in Egypt, and their sufferings under it, is called the Third Book of *Maccabees*, although, as to the subject matter of it, it ought to be called the First; for the things which it relates were first in order of time, as being transacted before even those *Maccabees*, of which we have the history in the First and Second Book, were living. But this book being perhaps considered of less dignity, has been reckoned after them, according rather to such order of dignity than the order of time. It seems to have been written by some Alexandrian Jew, in the Greek language. It is in many ancient manuscripts of the Greek Septuagint, as particularly it is in the king's Alexandrian Library as St. James's, and in the Vatican MS. at Rome, which are two of the most ancient manuscripts of the Septuagint now in being, but was never inserted into the vulgar *Latin* version of the Bible, or is found in any manuscript of it; and that version being only in use through the whole western church, until the reformation, the first translations of the Bible into English were made from thence; and for that reason none of them having the Third Book of the Maccabees among the Apocryphal Books, it hath never since been added, though it deserves a place there better than some parts of the Second Book of *Maccabees*; for though it comes to us in a romantic dress, with some enlargements and embellishments of a Jewish invention, yet it is not to be doubted but that the ground-work of it is true, and that there really was such a persecution raised against the Jews of Alexandria by *Ptolemy Philopator* as this book relates. In *Philo*'s book against *Flaccus*, and the history of his embassy to Caligula, there are other accounts of the persecutions they there underwent, altogether as bad; which no one, says PRIDEAUX, doubts of.

The first authentic mention we have of this book is in *Eusebius*'s Chronicon. It is also named, with the two other Books of the Maccabees, in the 85th of the Apostolic Canons; but when that canon was added, is uncertain. Some MS. Greek bibles have not only this Third Book of the Maccabees, but also Josephus's history of the martyrs that suffered under *Antiochus Epiphanes*. (Vide *Hoddium de Bibliorum Textibus originalibus*, p. 469.) inserted after it, under the title of the Fourth Book of Maccabees.

ON GALVANISM.

(Continued from page 484 of Vol. I.)

THE muscles of animals being gradually exhausted of irritability, the fibres of the muscles, or fleshy parts of the body, during life, owe their contractile power to some subtile substance with which they are regularly supplied; and this may be the immediate cause of irritability: for are not the voluntary muscles stimulated by a fluid secreted by the brain? and may not this fluid be the electric fluid which, when transmitted to the muscles through the medium of the nerves, excites a voluntary action?

The *torpedo*, *gymnotus electricus*, &c. which excite shock, induce us further to believe that there does exist some analogy between the nervous and galvanic influence. Anatomists observe, that they possess more nerve, in proportion, than any other ani-

mals; and may they not have some power, at the instance of the will, of furnishing such subtile influence, so as to operate the contraction of other animals, whilst different tribes can simply command that which is requisite for their own proper action only? Armed with this energy, the torpedo, at the instance of the will, preys upon its pursuers.

In suspended animation the muscles are susceptible of its influence: the eye-balls can be made to roll, the jaws to quiver. The action of the heart and powers of respiration being prudently acted upon, sometimes indulges with no groundless hope of rescue from an untimely grave. The uninterrupted production and comparatively slow propulsion of this modification of electric energy through animals has held out flattering hopes of the influence being efficacious in different diseases.

For various purposes of experiment, the troughs, or battery, might be furnished with upright brass rods as conductors, with caps and slides for port crayons; two insulated rods, which work upon balls, as joints; a galvanic cistern and circular metallic plate, for the deflagration of wires; and curtains, or leaves, of the different metals.

When the shock is to be passed through the chest, Dr. Meade recommends thick discharging-rods. Thus A, the handle of the brass discharger, Fig. 11, is much thicker than B; whence a greater surface is exposed to the grasp of the moistened hand. We have always observed that the shock was increased by having the delicate papillæ of the fingers, as well as the palm of the hand, armed, after being well moistened, by the conducting dischargers; because in these parts the nerves are more numerously distributed. A moderately strong apparatus will excite intolerably acute pain, if the *cutis* be removed.

The handle with a metallic pointed termination, Fig. 12, may also be occasionally found useful, in lieu of the large one, Fig. 11. The palm of the hand, &c. should be well moistened, and with the same fluid used for exciting the energy of the apparatus. The bottom of the pile, or last plate, of the battery being touched with the point *b*, and the uppermost plate of the pile, or first cell, of the battery, with the other hand, a stunning sort of shock, not unlike that of the gymnotus electricus, is felt, and at the same instant a vivid spectral, nervous flash in the eye, and surrounding the face not unlike the *aurora borealis*.

Frightful convulsions are seen, when the head of a dog or other animal, recently decollated, is made part of the galvanic circle. The mouth opens, the eye-balls roll, and the teeth gnash as if the animal were restored to life in a state of agony.

For the brass conductors represented at Fig. 13 and 14, which will be found convenient, we are indebted to Dr. Meade. The ends B B are intended to slide in the cells of the galvanic trough; and that these metallic conductors may be attached to any part of the battery, they are furnished with springs, and move on the joints D in a circular direction. The ends C C may also have a sort of metallic port crayon attached to it, for the occasional support of charred wood of box or lignum vitæ, when the brilliant experiments of deflagration of carbon are to be exhibited. The plate does not give a view of them, as they are obvious; but the conductors are made hollow at C and C, to answer the same purpose. Sometimes a capsule of quicksilver upholds the charcoal, the wires being made to touch it whilst connected with either pole of the pile, or termination of the battery. An apparatus, containing at least 3000 square inches, should be employed for this purpose. The larger it is, the more beautiful the light.

When charcoal is to be the subject of deflagration, one of the pieces must be made considerably fine, while the other may be blunt, or rather rounded. The drier the charcoal, and the harder the wood of which it is made, the better. These, connected with extent of surface, furnish the most intense and vivid deflagrations imaginable. No factitious light can be equal to that which is thus produced. A little management, not difficult of acquirement, may be, however, necessary.

ON GALVANISM.

Decomposition of Water. Fig. 15.

A B represents a glass tube, recurved at *a* and *b*, into which, at A, is sealed hermetically the gold wire *c*; another wire passing through a perforation in the side of the tube to a very small distance from the first. This tube being filled with water, which by the recurved open termination, B, is prevented from escaping, until decomposition takes place of the contained liquid. This happens when *c* and *e* are connected with the respective terminations of the pile, or battery, *z* and *e*, Fig. 10, one with the zinc, the other with the copper, by wire conductors. The electric spark, afterwards passed (by connecting the knobs with the machine) through the gases accumulated within the tube, which are oxygen and hydrogen, will instantly explode them, and regenerate the water which had been decomposed.

In this case it is necessary that the gases should continue to accumulate until the water in the tube has descended to the lower point, nearly, of the first wire, *c*. The combustion of these gases may be also readily accomplished by the galvanic spark taken within the mixture, by the aid of very fine wires; or supposing a glass tube, A, to contain fifteen parts hydrogen and thirty-five oxygen, and that two needles are passed through corks, so as that the points may touch, by a gentle push, at pleasure; on connecting the eyes of the needles with the poles of the pile, then sparks may be obtained, and at the same time, explosion effected as before, water being instantly formed. Vide Fig. 19.

When the water has been displaced within the tube A B, as far as the wire *e*, the process will stop, unless the tube A B be put into an oblique direction by sloping it from A to the right hand. In this way the water may be continued to be displaced, until the point of the wire *c* is no longer immersed. When this happens, if the wire *e* be pushed until it touch the wire *d*, the gases evolved will instantly explode, and the water ascend again nearly to the point A, through the syphonic termination of the tube B; for it necessarily ingurgitates what undecomposed water had been passed into the jar *x* during the period of decomposition of the other portion. Fig. 15.

To hydrogenize a Metal, according to Cuthbertson. Fig. 9.

Fill a glass tube, six inches long and half an inch wide, half full of pure water. This tube is transpierced by a platina wire passing about one inch into the water at B. At the end of A is another platina wire, passing through a cork, and pushed down past the end of the other wire, so as to be parallel to each other.

Set the tube in a perpendicular direction, and annex the end of the wire at B to the zinc end of the battery, and the wire A to the copper end, Fig. 9. Gas will be produced at both wires: but by continuing the galvanic action, the short wire will acquire a gold-like colour, and the other become black, so far as they had passed each other in the water. If the annexing wires be changed, so that that which was connected with the zinc end of the trough be now connected with the copper, and that which was connected with the copper end be applied to the zinc end, the black powder will leave that wire which was black, and become perfectly bright, and afterwards assume a gold colour; and the other, which was before of a gold colour, will become black. The gold colour seems only to be a slight tinge upon the surface of the metal, but the black looks like a powder.

When other metals are submitted to this process, other combinations are formed. Some of them are exidized; some combined with hydrogen. This colouring matter, observed first by Mr. *Cuthbertson*, has been named by *Brugnatelli* the hydroret of hydrogenized platina, *i. e.* hydrogenized platina combined with water.

In charging the Leyden jar by electricity, it is observed by Mr. *Cuthbertson*, that when the charging power is weak, the condenser and condensing electrometer will be required, to make the gold leaf diverge; and if strong, the gold leaf itself will show the de-

gree of the charge. In the back view of Fig. 9 are seen three solid rods of glass, by which, when the battery is placed with its face upwards, the whole is supported, and kept in an insulated state. The necessity for insulation here is most obvious. The jar used need not be larger than what can be conveniently grasped.

It has been said that contact is essential in taking the galvanic spark. Not so, certainly, in the discharge of the Leyden jar. Would not this be well determined, by bringing a platina wire from a brass pin attached to a metallic capsule, *h*, to the top of the interior glass, which is filled with water, and inverted in the capsule containing the same liquid? What will happen at the point of contact of the convex internal surface of the glass, supposing the outer convex part, previous to connexion with the battery, be ground inconceivably thin? Is there not reason to imagine that a decomposition will take place, and that the electricity will pass the vitreous film at least, depositing its gaseous product below?

To produce Hydrogen Gas only.

Suppose (in Fig. 17) A represent a glass tube with a gold wire, *b*, hermetically sealed in its top, this tube being filled with water, and inverted over the wire *c*, of copper, zinc, or tin, which is upheld by being slipt into the groove of *e*, which grove is screwed by a nut to the dish. Now if the galvanic action be applied as before, gas will be obtained at the upper wire only, which will be hydrogen; while a cloudy oxide of the other metal streams through the liquid at the lower point.

This gass will not explode unless oxygen be added to it; a certain proof that it is hydrogen.

To produce Oxygen Gas separately.

Let a solution of acetite of lead be introduced, in lieu of water, into the recurved tube, Fig. 15. It will be found, that on connecting the wires with the battery, the lower gold wire will be coated with copper, that metal being reduced, from its solution, by the union of nascent hydrogen: at the same time, oxygen streams from the upper point, considerably pure. This may be known by its usual positive qualities—that of eminently supporting combustion, and exploding with hydrogen.

By connecting the poles with the pile by two glasses of water, and portions of recent muscular fibre; and the glasses, also, by a single intermediate wire, the effects of the pile were reversed: hydrogen being yielded at the zinc, and oxygen at the silver or copper termination, or pole.

To obtain Oxygen and Hydrogen at the same time, in two separate tubes.

Let A B, Fig. 18, represent two tubes filled with water, and suspended by threads, so as that their under and open apertures be just immersed in water of the capsule C; on connecting platina wires, *a*, *b*, with the two poles of the pile of the battery, chains of gas are seen to rise from the two points *c* and *z*, which are so adjusted as to be immediately below the inverted tubes A, B, and which of necessity thus catch the gases as they ascend. The one connected with the copper is found to be hydrogen; the other, with the zinc end of the battery, oxygen gases.

An acid and alcali may be formed at pleasure.—If, into the tubes A, B, Fig. 18, instead of water, (as in the last experiment,) an infusion of the purple cabbage be introduced, gases will be obtained, but instantly absorbed; but the infusion connected with the zinc pole of the pile will be changed to a lovely *red*, by union of nascent oxygen with azot of the infusion; and at the same time the hydrogen will unite with azot also of the other infusion, and produce ammonia.—Hence the fair *green* to which that infusion changes, from the energy of the alcali upon the indecomposed portion of the infusion. If the wires are made to communicate with contrary poles of the battery, then the original colour of the infusion is first assumed; and afterwards, by continuing to transmit

the influence, that which was, after the first operation, red, becomes green; and that which was green, red; and so on, *toties quoties*.

Mr. Wilkinson found, that when the communication between the poles of the pile was interrupted by an aqueous arch, water was not only decomposed, and its usual gases yielded, but also muriatic acid was formed, as was manifested by nitrate of silver; but that no such effect was produced, when a portion of the conducting wires passed through two vessels of distilled water, interposed between the aqueous arch and the pile. The usual solutions were employed for excitement.

Or if oxygen or hydrogen be introduced into the strong glass tube A, Fig. 19, in the proportion of 85 to 15 parts, by weight, this tube being stopped by *corks* transpierced with strong, yet finely-pointed, gold, silver, or platina wires, so as that the points may be made (at pleasure) to touch, on connecting the external (knobs of the) wires with *z* and *c* of Fig. 17, (the battery) an explosion takes place, as in a former experiment, when reference was made to Fig. 15. Water is formed; and agreeably to modern theory, a similar formation of water occurs in the atmosphere during thunder-storms accompanied by rain.

"Hence rills and rivers owe their secret birth,
And Ocean's hundred arms embrace the earth." DARWIN.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VACCINATION.

In Article 168, of Cuvier's Report to Buonaparte, (at a late sitting of the National Institute,) mention is made of Vaccination in the following terms:

"The discovery of Dr. Jenner being generally known, we think it needless to dwell upon the advantages of his plan. It will be sufficient to notice, that the first work upon the Vaccine Practice was published at London in 1798. It is intituled *An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ*, by Row. Jenner, &c. with C. (translated into Dutch, in 1801, by Dr. Davids.) Since the epoch, (1798,) the writings which have been made public, on this new method of inoculation, have been so greatly multiplied, that their titles alone would make a volume. In Holland, among others may be particularly distinguished, *Memoires* on that subject, by Thomassen; and Coomen's *De Variolis Vaccinis Dissertatio*. These are works of value, considered with a view to the history of *Jenner's* discovery.

"At Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and other towns within this realm, medical men have spared no pains, even beyond professional routine, in spreading this salutary method, not only among the more opulent, but even the poorer classes of society. But in spite of all the trials which have hitherto been made in its favour, this discovery proceeds very slowly, compared with that rapidity which we had a right to expect. The people at large are not aware of the advantages which result from its introduction.

"His majesty the King of Holland, all of whose views are solely directed to the good of his subjects, has condescended to assure the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Rotterdam, that he takes a lively interest in that utility which this improvement cannot fail to spread throughout his territory; that he will, as far as his power permits, contribute to this end; and that those who assist in promoting this object may count upon his protection."

ALPHONSO; OR, THE NATURAL SON.

(Continued from page 490 of Vol. I.)

While she spoke, she presented to me a cup filled with a black liquor. "A potion! what will be the benefit of that?" "It will annihilate the infant which you bear, and in a few days you will be delivered from your apprehensions." "Annihilate the infant! —what, murder it?"—"Do not hesitate—drink: on this occasion be bold!"——"Wretch!" I exclaimed, overturning the cup which her wicked hand still presented to me, "thou art instigating me to commit a murder!—I fear neither the world nor my uncle, for there is nought in which I can reproach myself. I will be a mother, if I must be one, and I will love this infant.—It is thou who oughtst to tremble—thou, who gavest me up to that villainous man! I can remain alone, without terror—alone, with God and my child!" With these words I rose to depart. Sanita seized my gown, gazing upon me, with her eyes fixed, and sparkling with fury. Her rage suffocated her, and impeded her words. She petrified me with horror. I imagined that she was going to murder me. "Sanita," said I to her, with tremulous accents, "be persuaded that I do not desire your destruction. I have not forgotten that you nourished me with your milk. I will plead for you to my uncle; I will obtain your pardon." "My pardon!" cried she; "I want no pardon." She then, for a moment, seemed to reflect, and instantly letting loose my gown, and dropping into a chair, "Go, go," she said, faintly.—I hastened to leave her; and running into my chamber, I locked it within. The terrific image of this woman seemed even there to have pursued me. I recollected her threatening looks, and dreaded every thing from her anger and her resentment. I passed the remainder of the day in continued fear, and kept a number of negresses about me, whom I caused to remain all night in my chamber. The next morning the surgeon who attended the negroes came to tell me that Sanita, in an expiring state, requested to see me. At this intelligence my agitation was extreme, for I had loved this slave with tenderness. I questioned the surgeon concerning her situation, who told me that he imagined this unhappy woman had poisoned herself—an event but too common among the negro-slaves. He added, that she would not acknowledge it, but he was persuaded that she had not two hours to live. Trembling, and agitated with sorrow, I followed the surgeon into the chamber of his patient. She was in bed, and I instantly perceived that her last moments were approaching. She said that she wished to speak to me without witnesses. I consented to it; but I felt an inexpressible horror when I found myself alone with her. The miserable woman drew from her bosom a letter, addressed to my uncle, which she put into my hands. "This writing," said she, "contains every circumstance of the truth. Myself I have justly accused: you, I have justified, as it was my duty to do. It is true, I indeed favoured the desires of this villain, but I believed that I was delivering you to a husband. Had I not seen the marriage-contract signed? Above all, do not forget, that before I determined to die, I expiated my fault, by sacrificing the gift which seduced me. You rejected my advice; you discarded me. I have sought my own punishment: poison has avenged you!" "O, Sanita!" I exclaimed, "let me call for assistance." "For me thers is none," said she, eagerly; "I am dying——" "O yet repent—there is still time for repentance. Implore the mercy of Heaven—consider the everlasting torments——" "I have," she replied: "during the fifteen hours that this poison has been circulating through my veins, I have thought, more than once, of the torments of hell. *There*, at least, I am persuaded that I shall experience the highest gratification!"—

"What do you mean?"—"The joy of finding *there*, or of one day beholding *there*, that vile impostor, the author of my destruction!" The atrocity of the sentiment made my hair stand on end, and rendered me immoveable with horror.—I, however, spoke to her again, to conjure her to see a priest. To this at length she consented; and whilst I was calling to desire some one to go in search of the chaplain, she was seized with dreadful convulsions, and expired!

A short time after this deplorable event I received certain information of the approaching arrival of my uncle. Equally did I desire and dread to see him again. My apprehensions of his reproaches were terrible. I was conscious I had not merited them, but I figured to myself an oppressive image of his astonishment and affliction. My uncle arrived even sooner than he was expected. I rushed into his arms with a sense of gladness that overcame every other emotion. Unfortunate orphan that I was, I had no friend but him upon the face of the earth!—We wept abundantly.—"My Melania," said he to me, "fortune has robbed you of every thing: you have lost a kind father:—you were born to the possession of riches, and you are ruined! My unhappy brother had engaged himself in many unfortunate transactions: his debts were immense: I have cleared off every demand; his good name at least remains without reproach.—But, my dear child," continued he, "with the gifts which you have received from nature, and with a spotless reputation, you cannot fail of being well established for life. As I lately came through the Cape-town, I met one of our most opulent planters, who has seen you at a festival given by the governor; and although he is acquainted with the loss of your property, he has sworn to me, that unless he can obtain your hand, he will never marry." "Believe him not, my dearest uncle," I exclaimed, "he wishes to deceive."——"What!" replied my uncle with astonishment; "whence have you taken such an opinion of the most honourable of men?"——"I know him not—I am even ignorant of whom you speak—but——" I could say no more; a deluge of tears overpowered my utterance. My uncle questioned me to no purpose; until at length presenting him the letter of Sanita, I arose, and quitted him with precipitation.

You may easily imagine that the impression which the reading of this letter produced on my uncle must have been dreadful. It contained, with scrupulous accuracy, a minute detail of all the circumstances that had happened to me.—Three hours afterwards he came in search of me to my chamber: he was pale, and he trembled. As soon as I perceived him, I burst into tears, and concealed my face in my handkerchief. My uncle seated himself beside me, and taking one of my hands, which he pressed affectionately in both of his; "My innocent child!" said he, "thou shalt be avenged—by my honour I swear that thou shalt be avenged!—Thou hast no reproach to make thyself—be comforted—and behold in me thy protector and thy father!—This plantation is already sold: let us quit it, and retire into some obscure corner of the island;—there thou shalt be delivered of the wretched fruit of imposture and violence. That infant will we for ever leave in this part of the world, which we will quit without a thought of return, and thy secret shall never be either known or suspected."

Tears were my only reply: with mine my uncle mingled his; and then, in a moment, resuming his discourse—"Hear," said he, "by what means the infamous nephew of the governor came in possession of the letter and power of attorney of my brother. Before my departure, your father wrote to me that he wished to dispose of this plantation, and that the governor, just then appointed by the court, was desirous of purchasing it. Your aunt, who was then in full possession of her mental faculties, had been informed by me of all the particulars of this affair. I departed. When I arrived in France, the governor, with his unworthy nephew, had already embarked. It was the latter who had negociated the business of the sale with my brother, and who had taken charge of the power of attorney and the letter. He afterwards understood that your aunt had fallen into a state of imbecility, and that she could

not conclude the transaction. It was your misfortune that he saw you, and his detestable desires suggested to him the idea of making use of your father's letter to deceive you, by giving it a different interpretation. A month after the perpetration of his crime, he re-embarked for France, and I, on my arrival at the Cape, terminated, at length, with the governor, the business of the sale."

When my uncle had ended this recital, I went to fetch the box of jewels which I had been compelled to receive. As I put it into his hands, I told him that I should long ago have thrown it into the sea, had I not thought that it ought to be returned, lest it should be suspected that I intended to retain it.——"Yes," replied my uncle, "it shall be restored—and I will be the bearer of it!"

In a few days we quitted our plantation. It was the place of my nativity—it was my country:—I could not abandon it without shedding tears.——My uncle conducted me to a wild and solitary dwelling, where we had no other attendants but an old negro and negress, both of them unknown to me. We settled there under disguised names, and we intended to remain in this abode no more than five or six months.

In opulent mansions there are noise, vivacity and bustle, which is particularly pleasing to youth: the dwelling of the poor, as well as that of the sage, is solitary and silent. Retirement is agreeable, when it is the choice of taste and of preference; then every thing in it presents the mild image of tranquillity and of peace: but how sad, how gloomy is its aspect, when shame and misfortune constrain us to seek it as our place of refuge!

Time, however, passed away, and I was soon to become a mother. I felt my infant agitated within me, and every motion that assured me of its existence imprinted deeply the maternal sentiment on my heart.—"Wretched infant," I mentally exclaimed, "a ferocious slave would have destroyed thee, and my uncle rejects thee! Thy only support is a mother, who is wholly dependant, and who, on all the earth, possesses not a home! The laws ordain that I am too young to educate and to protect thee—honour commands me to separate myself from thee; but in spite of my youth and of my weakness, I will have courage to defend thee!—No, without thee I will not cross the ocean:—without thee I will never quit this isle!—I have already renounced the sports of infancy: I am become sufficiently thoughtful to watch over all thy wants!"

Ideas like these perpetually occupied my mind, and created in me the most painful anxieties.

At length the period, expected with impatience, yet dreaded as it approached, arrived. I gave birth to this boy—the object of so much alarm and of so much affection!—Too young, even in our climate, to sustain the perils of child-birth, I nearly expired after having given life to my son. Although on the very confines of death, I preserved my recollection, and demanded my child. Silently (for I had no longer the power of utterance) I clasped it in my arms. At the expiration of some hours they attempted to take it away from me. I joined my hands in supplication together, and my countenance was suffused with tears. My uncle, in despair at beholding the state to which I was reduced, threw himself on his knees by the side of my bed, and said to me in a whisper, with the deepest emotion, "It is necessary to take him from thee awhile, that he may receive the cares belonging to his early existence; but he shall not quit thy chamber, he shall remain before thy eyes." I consented instantly to whatever they required of me; but turning still towards my infant, I fixed my whole attention upon him, in total insensibility to every thing else that was passing around me. His cradle was placed close to my bed: I extended one of my hands to touch my babe, and in that position I remained quiet and immoveable. On the third day my fever became so violent, that it was thought I could not exist twenty-four hours longer. I desired to be attended by a priest: the minister of the place was sent for. Having received the Sacrament, I blessed my son, and then taking him up in my arms, I desired my uncle to draw near. "O, my father," said I to

him, "let me go down to the grave in peaceful consolation. The peace of my soul is in your power. Receive this wretched orphan—never, O never, separate him from you!" "I receive him—I adopt him!" replied my uncle. "Should I lose thee, it will be my only consolation to consecrate to him every instant of my life!"—At these words I seized the hand of my uncle with transport, and bathed it with tears. This emotion of gratitude was so impassioned, that it exhausted my remaining strength: in a few minutes I lost my speech, and my head became disordered. Still was maternal love ever watchful within me: my eyes were fixed incessantly upon my infant, and if I sometimes slumbered for a few moments, I awoke suddenly with a start, and looked around for my child; for I was possessed with a sort of mechanical apprehension that he would be taken from me. Having remained in this state some days, I recovered my recollection. The joy of my uncle was inexpressible when he beheld me out of danger. I took advantage of the first moment of his tenderness and felicity to remind him that he had promised me the adoption of my son. He repeated to me his promise, and I blessed the power of Heaven which had restored me to existence.

When I was perfectly recovered, my uncle again protested that he would never separate me from my infant: "But," said he, "upon this condition only, that you keep most sacredly the fatal secret of his birth. We will go and establish ourselves in France: I shall there declare myself the father of this infant; but as I have never been married, he can only be considered as my natural son. Not only will he thereby be prevented from ever drawing a false conclusion as to his lot in life, but in this manner he will be acquainted with the misfortunes of his birth, without knowing that you are his mother; a thing I positively require you to conceal for ever from him.

With joy I promised every thing, for my uncle let me retain my infant. We continued in our place of retreat till my little Alphonso was weaned; my uncle then conducted me to another habitation. There he purchased a negress of my own age, Zama, who has ever since been my attendant. He recalled from the Cape his faithful Narcissus, whom he had left at that place to terminate some affairs, and who is the same negro that still belongs to him. These two domestics were not admitted to our confidence; they both believe that Alphonso is the son of my uncle. These arrangements being finished, we embarked for France. I brought with me that which supplied the place of country and of fortune—that which consoled me for every thing: I held my babe in my arms, or I sat beside his cradle, and I was happy.

We experienced a dreadful tempest, and during a whole day we were in the most imminent danger. At a moment when the storm raged with its utmost violence, while I, with my infant, was alone in the cabin, I heard above so tumultuous a bustle, so piercing and so terrific were the cries of apprehension that mingled with the nautical commands, so rapidly did the rolling of the vessel increase, that I was persuaded we were about to perish! My infant seemed to participate in the universal dread: he wept, and became so agitated, that I could not, without violent exertion, retain him in my arms. My heart was rent as I gazed upon the sweet image of innocence, now on the point of falling headlong into the billows. Death presented itself to me in its most terrific form; it threatened the days of my child—it robbed me of the hope of surviving my own dissolution in the existence of the object of my most tender affection. The whole universe, with respect to me, was about to dissolve; I, together with my adopted father and my infant, were soon to be no more!—How much did I then regret the tranquillity of of our late asylum! How barbarous did I esteem that sentiment of inflexible honour which compelled me to quit the place of my nativity, that I might the better conceal a crime of which I was not the accomplice, but the victim! With what courage would I at that moment have set at nought the contempt of the world, if I might save the life of my infant—if I might secure his happiness!

On a sudden my uncle, followed by Narcissus, came in search of me: he was without boots or slippers, and had no other clothing but his linen drawers. As I knew he was an excellent swimmer, I instantly conceived that he had thus prepared himself against the loss of the vessel. "Quick," said he, "deliver the child to Narcissus; give me thy hand, and quit me not."—"O, no, no," I exclaimed with vehemence, "Narcissus cannot swim so well as you: let him take charge of me—to you alone will I resign my infant.——It is thee whom I would preserve!—It is my child that must be preserved!"—"Thy life only can give me strength and presence of mind." —"My life is in my infant."—"Give me your hand."—"Never—O, save my child—save my child—otherwise I die before your eyes—I reject all aid.—O, save my child!"

This debate was long, but my uncle yielded at length to the firmness of my resolution, for I was determined not to profit by his hateful preference of me to my babe. I took the arm of Narcissus: we went upon the deck: the tempest was beginning to subside, and in two hours we were delivered from all apprehensions of danger.

We landed at Brest; and my uncle having placed me in the family of one of his correspondents, set out for Paris. I was then no more than fifteen, and my uncle gave out that I was still younger, declaring that I was only thirteen; thus rendering it impossible that any one should suspect me to be the mother of a child ten months old. On the eve of his departure, my uncle informed me that he was going to restore to the Count D'Olmène his box of jewellery. I started at these words: I recollected that my uncle, in the first emotions of his just resentment, had sworn to avenge me, and the idea made me shudder with horror. I conjured him to leave to Heaven the care of avenging us. He replied, with the intention of removing my suspicions, but he spoke with indecision, and left me agitated with the most restless anxieties. I had ever represented the Count D'Olmène to my own mind under the most odious features; he had ever been the most contemptible object of my imagination; but since the birth of Alphonso my hatred was extinguished; I could not detest the father of the infant I adored: it seemed to me that I should be guilty of a crime towards my child, if I should be the cause of death to him from whom my child derived his existence. I reproached myself bitterly with not endeavouring to follow my uncle; the horrors of a duel were ever before my eyes, and I trembled for the life of my uncle: the very thought of the success of of his vengeance made my blood run cold, and I cursed this irrational, extravagant, and sanguinary sense of honour, which, while it permits us to admire mercy, commands murder, and thinks to purify itself in the outrage of religion and humanity, in the commission of homicide!

My fatal apprehensions were but too well founded!—As soon as my uncle had arrived at Paris, he sent the jewellery to our cruel enemy, who was now become the *Duke* D'Olmène, with a note, which contained these words:

"Take back your detested, your insulting gifts: and if you are not as cowardly as you are deceitful and barbarous, be to-morrow morning, at day-break, in the broad avenue of the wood of Vincennes. As the offence is mine, the choice of arms is mine also: I shall bring pistols, and I shall have no attendant but my negro.—I must inform you, that the guilty slave whom you corrupted has punished herself with self-murder. As she expired, she called down curses on your head. Doubt not that God, the avenger of past crimes, will sooner or later hear the imprecations of that unfortunate wretch!—Answer with precision."——

On the same evening the Duke wrote that he accepted the appointment, and that he should bring no other witness than his valet de chambre. As soon as the first rays of the sun appeared, my uncle repaired on the morning of the next day to the wood of Vincennes: the Duke arrived in a few minutes afterwards. Without uttering a single word, they charged their pistols with ball in sight of each other:—they measured the distance at which they were to fire. The

Duke turned extremely pale, but with a firm tone he said, "It is you who have been injured—take the first fire."—My uncle fired. The ball struck his adversary on the right shoulder, and wounded him severely. The Duke immediately fired his pistol in the air. This unexpected generosity rendered it impossible for my uncle to insist on recommencing the combat. Besides, the Duke was wounded; the blood flowed in streams; his valet had run to his assistance. My uncle threw down his pistol, exclaiming, "Henceforward will I cease to admire valour, since I find it allied with vices like thine!" At these words he turned his back to the Duke, remounted his horse, and departed. The Duke had received, four or five months after his departure from Saint Domingo, a letter from Sanita, in which she reproached him with his crime, and related to him its consequences. The Duke had written to my uncle for farther information on this subject, and my uncle did not think it proper to conceal from him the existence of Alphonso. The Duke wrote again, and offered an annuity of 12,000 francs to provide for the education of the child. My uncle replied, that he would acquaint me with the proposal, and leave me at full liberty to accept or reject it. I hesitated not to refuse the offer with disdain, which was afterwards many times renewed. My uncle, as he related to me the circumstances of the combat, told me that he had in his letters informed the Duke of the precautions which had been taken to conceal a secret, the disclosure of which, he told him, would cover him with opprobrium, while it would be to us no more than a guiltless misfortune. The Duke, in his answers, appeared to attach to this mystery all the importance which was naturally due to it.

We remained two years at Brest; we then travelled into the southern provinces, and fixed our abode in a charming retirement in the neighbourhood of Béziers. There, devoted entirely to the education of Alphonso, I consecrated every moment to the most serious studies. My uncle rendered those studies excellent: I became his scholar, that I might become able to second his endeavours, when he should one day impart the same lessons to my son. Maternal love inflamed me with an ardour which the love of glory would never inspire. The progress which I made in the study of history and geography, and in the Greek and Latin languages, was indeed astonishing. These severe and continued occupations imparted a serious direction to my thoughts, and preserved me from all the frivolities of youth. I began early to think and to reflect; but having no knowledge of the world, my reflections were bounded by those positive duties which reason inculcates, and which are at the same time strengthened and purified by religion. My uncle believes that I have thereby derived a system of religious opinions too decided, and a morality too rigorous, to be practicable in social life. This belief of his has given me an invincible disgust for the world. It is acknowledged that in society vice renders its victims dishonourable; while it is asserted, that success among mankind depends upon submission to certain criminal weaknesses. Thus the social individual is ever between two shoals, shame and ridicule; and who can then keep a direct course, without error or without weariness? How is it possible to possess the energy, the unextinguishable zeal, the freedom of mind, necessary to those who desire to keep in the elevated path of virtue? This undecided knowledge of the world, far from inducing me to give the spirit of my son that pliancy which leads to imitation and yields to every thing, has, on the contrary, decided me to redouble those cares that may fortify his principles and strengthen his disposition. It is not for vain success that I endeavour to fit him out; it is for the most glorious of all combats that I endeavour to arm him. His character, naturally firm and haughty, is become inflexible: he is even fierce; but his principles are fixed on a solid basis. I venture to believe that they are immoveable. He will succeed more slowly than others, because he will reject numerous means of success; but I am persuaded that he will make for himself an honourable road. A man of integrity must be required for many essential purposes, and must obtain

his ends, particularly if he finds a powerful protector.

The retirement in which we dwelt was disturbed, at the end of seven or eight years, by the passion with which a young man was inspired towards me. He had just come into possession of an elegant estate in the neighbourhood. I had reason to believe that his intentions, particularly at first, were not honourable. My fatal adventure had rendered me extremely mistrustful of all men. I imputed to them all the plans of deceit. I was, besides, irrevocably determined never to marry. The attentions of this young man became so odious to me, and caused me so much alarm, that my uncle resolved to quit the province. The rest of my story you know; and you can now assuredly imagine how much it must cost me to place my son with that man whom I have the greatest reason to hate and despise: certainly I should never have consented to do so, but for the sacred promise you have made me of watching, with paternal care, over the conduct of Alphonso. I do not fear that the Duke will ever betray a secret which it is so much his interest to conceal: but I do not, on that account, the less earnestly request you to persuade my son that his father is long since dead. I insist upon this, as a circumstance the most important of any in this world to the repose of my days.

CHAP. IX.

When Melania had concluded her narrative, Melvil was so deeply affected that he could find no expressions adequate to his emotions: he contemplated Melania with earnestness, and for some minutes was entirely silent. At length, desirous of delivering her from that species of apprehension which she had just discovered—"Fear not," he said to her, "I am as sensible as you are of keeping for ever from Alphonso the knowledge of his father: he must be spared the torment of detesting the author of his existence. This will be the more easy, as he will naturally imagine that his father was a West-Indian. But he must nevertheless be made acquainted with every particular of your innocence; nor must it be concealed from him, that by violence alone you became a mother. To leave him a less dreadful impression of his father, we must conceal from him that his father was a married man. We will tell him that he was a very young man, and that he was killed in a duel, by one of your relations.

This indeed was the account which Melvil, in an indeterminate and succinct manner, related to Alphonso: he dwelt upon nothing but the perfect innocence of Melania. He narrated circumstantially, and with scrupulous minuteness, the nocturnal scene, the malady which followed it, and the death of the negress. He informed Alphonso of all that his mother had done for him, and the incident of maternal affection during the tempest was not forgotten. In the course of this recital the countenance of Alphonso was inundated with scalding tears; while the most exalted filial tenderness was still to him, after the violent passion which he had felt for Melania, an insupportable torment. Secretly he imagined that the sentiments with which she had inspired him must still be suspected by her; and thus, by excess of delicacy, while he calumniated himself, he considered gratitude and the purest affection as criminal in him. He, however, concealed this cruel mental anxiety: he spoke not of his tenderness, but of his admiration only. He could not stifle his confused, yet heart-rending remorse, but by the brilliant homage which he thus rendered to the sublime virtue of Melania. While he praised with enthusiasm the dignity and purity of her soul, he imagined that he purified his own.

During their conversations on this subject, he said, one day, to Melvil, "I flatter myself that neither your sentiments nor your desires have suffered any alteration, and that the hand of Melania retains its value in your estimation." "Doubt it not," my dear Alphonso," replied Melvil; "the confidence with which Melania has entrusted me serves only to increase my love and my veneration of her. I would with pride espouse her, even if her misfortunes were known to the whole universe."—At these words, Alphonso pressed the hand of Melvil with trans-

port. This assurance, which exalted in his imagination the situation of Melania, flattered the haughtiness of his spirit, while in his heart he still desired that Melania should persist in her refusal: but unconscious of these inward feelings, he seemed to himself to resolve to promote, with all his influence, the passion of Melvil.

CHAP. X.

Dormeuil returned from his journey. He was extremely surprised, on hearing all that had passed in his absence. He succeeded in determining Melania to confide Alphonso to the Duke d'Olmène, under the watchful attention of Melvil; the latter therefore prepared every thing for their departure. Dormeuil went to bid adieu to Alphonso, and to bestow his blessing on the youth whom nothing could prevail upon to revisit Melania. Convalescent, but still feeble, and extremely pale, Alphonso departed with his generous friend. They set out in a carriage before the break of day: they passed Melania's favourite grove just as the dawn began to appear. At the sight of that spot Melvil wept. Alphonso turned pale. Shuddering, he recollected his explanation with his mother. "Sacred retreats!" exclaimed he, "the tranquillity of which I alone have troubled—how deeply do I regret you! and yet you suggest traces of a scene which oppress my soul. Instinct and mistaken desires have stained the first years of my youth! I must expiate this fatal error.—Adieu, thou solitary and beloved abode! I will return more worthy of dwelling within your bowers."—He said, and dropping his head upon his chest, he fell into a sad and profound reverie. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, Melvil, to divert his attention, spoke to him concerning Paris. "Considering the intelligent mind which you possess, my dear Alphonso," said he to him, "are you not curious to see the world which is unknown to you, and to observe its irregularities and its various characteristics?" "Not in the least," replied Alphonso. "To observe justly, it requires, I imagine, a mind at ease, and mine is not so. Besides, what interest has society for him who feels himself proscribed and rejected by his fellow-creatures? I should study the world with dislike: my judgment would probably be unjust." Why so, my friend?" replied Melvil; "you will please many. You will certainly succeed, if you desire success. No enquiries will be made concerning your birth. Be amiable; it is all that is requisite to insure your welcome." "The scandal of illegitimacy is always thrown upon the individual." "Your's may be concealed." "No—I must undoubtedly for ever conceal the name of her who gave me birth, but I desire that all who may be acquainted with me may also be informed that I am a *natural son;* at least, should any one interrogate me, I shall speak without disguise. The misfortune which has placed me so low, irritates my mind, but it cannot make me blush."

(To be continued.)

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EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET-HOUSE.

(*Continued from 497 of Vol. I.*)

MR. BENJAMIN WEST, R. A. PRESIDENT. Before we commence our examination of the three pictures which the President exhibits this year, it seems necessary to offer a few observations concerning the difference in the powers of expression of Poetry and of Painting. Mr. West has chosen his subjects from Gray, Milton, and Ovid.—The sublimity of the first is derived from the peculiar situation and character of a human being. That of the second, consists in the manifestation of a Divinity coming forth in power to execute judgment on his rebellious creatures. In the third, a preternatural occurrence awakens our astonishment, and is sublime only as it favours the idea of an agency superior to natural causes. The question, therefore, that we have principally to consider is this—What is the distinction between the sublime in Painting and the sublime in Poetry?—Sublimity of expression may be defined to be the power of representing an awful, a majestic, or a pathetic idea in such an impressive manner as to excite, forcibly, similar ideas in the imagination of rational beings. When, by an accumulation of striking circumstances, Gray has placed his Cambrian Bard beyond the boundaries of human nature, we feel our ideas of such a being gradually elevated. The prophetic denunciation with which this awful being abruptly introduces himself to our notice; the *wild dismay* of the vast, yet weary, army beneath; the agitation and terror of Glo'ster and Mortimer; all which precede, and prepare us for, the terrific portrait of the Bard, in the second stanza of the Ode, and are beyond the imitation or expression of the pencil. In Milton's description of the Messiah coming forth against the rebellious angels, there are also many circumstances which the painter must not attempt to represent. How much does the following passage leave to the imagination of the reader! and yet what an awful impression doth its undefinable imagery infix upon the mind!

"So spake the SON, and into terror chang'd
His countenance, *too severe to be beheld!*
And full of wrath bent on his enemies."

Is it possible for the pencil to set before us this countenance—*too severe to be beheld?* How is the painter to embody the perception of *power divine*, of which it is said—

"Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd:
At his command th' uprooted hill retir'd,
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smil'd."?

This suggests the idea of a benevolent Deity coming forth to destroy evil, and rises to a degree of sublimity which the pencil must not pretend to emulate.—The aërial form of Echo, in Ovid's description of Narcissus, may be conceived, but cannot be adequately depicted; and the following passage, which is, in particular, the subject of Mr. West's painting, seems to defy all the powers of detail:

Ultima vox solitam fuit hæc spectantis in undam—
"Heu frustra dilecte puer!" Totidem remisit
Verba *locus:* dictoque "Vale," "Vale," inquit et *Echo.*
Ille caput viridi fessum submisit in herbâ:
Lumina nox claudit domini mirantia formam.

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Here we find *locus* and *Echo* put for the same being; and by this union of terms, the form of the aërial nymph is rendered more undefinable, and we are more strongly impressed with the idea of *voice* without body. No shadowy or vapoury figure which the canvas can display can possibly impress us with a similar idea.

But a painter does not pretend to describe an *incident*; he only sets one *moment* of an incident before us. He cannot depict a series of *successive* circumstances, but he exhibits an elaborate detail of *instantaneous* circumstances. This is indeed reversing the process by which the mind usually arrives at sublime conceptions. In general, we must be interested for the individual before we can feel for his situation; nor must we be left to guess at occurrences, which is a tedious effort of reasoning: we must be already acquainted with the characters of the agents, and with the nature of the transaction, before we can yield our imagination to that unbounded sympathy of impressions which is the *true sublime*. In that *instant of sentiment* which the pencil is to occupy, our souls would therefore be supposed to be too far excited by our previous knowledge, and the increasing interest attached to it, to attend to the minute detail which the painter seems to present to our contemplation rather than our feelings. We may indeed sympathise, in a certain degree, with apparent circumstances, but it is then the sympathy of commiseration, or of any other immediate sentiment, and not the sympathy of the imagination, which the productions of Genius so vividly excite.

Is there, then, no *sublime* in Painting? That there is not, does not necessarily follow from our foregoing observations; but that the *sublime of Painting* is more dependent on the spectator than the *sublime of Poetry* is upon its auditor. It is dependent on his previous acquaintance with the incident of which the depicted scene is a part; it is dependent upon his power of interpreting actions into their corresponding sentiments; it is dependent on the strength of his fancy to elevate corporeal objects into abstract ideas, persons into attributes, and sensible figures into imaginary existences. In a word, a painting is an elegant hieroglyphic, which can utter the whole of its sublimity to the initiated alone; while the true sublimity of Poetry carries its interpretation with it, and is felt most strongly when it possesses most simplicity. In Poetry, we ought to require no other guide but our own understanding and our own feelings; while in Painting *, we cannot perfectly comprehend or feel the beauties of the composition without a reference to the poet or the historian. The picture even of natural occurrences must have its narrative: the picture in which the most beautiful or the most terrific personifications of the imagination are embodied, needs always to be accompanied by a poem.

The sublimity of Painting is therefore judiciously grafted, by the best artists, on the sublimity of Poetry. The manner in which we receive our knowledge of the subject prepares us to enter with admiration and delight into all the energy of expression which the pencil has so minutely unfolded. Our sentiments are revived with less fervor, perhaps, but with more durable gratification. We seem to have caught the *moment* of exalted sensibility, and to have dilated it into an *eternity*. We dwell with softened rapture upon every circumstance which in the instant of transport escaped our attention; our reflection is continued unimpeded by the efforts of memory, and we rise gradually into those sublime conceptions through

* It will be understood that we do not here speak of *Landscape Painting*, or of those representations which are independent of incident. The sympathy of ideas which such pictures excite is more natural, but never so sublime, as that excited by the Historical Painter. It frequently pleases more extensively, because it requires no adventitious explanation.

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which the poet had hurried us with more impetuous velocity.

When we judge of the merits of a painting of which the subject is derived from a poem, they must be estimated, in a great measure, by the conformity of sentiment which the painting restores to us, with that first received by the perusal of the poem. But our minds being already conversant in the story, and in the ideas intended to be expressed —our understanding being free, and our imagination being aided—our second conceptions, though more gradually sublime, ought to be more unwearied. The picture is the resting-place of our feelings, which, by its detail of circumstances, must be able to afford a continued series of sublime ideas, which, while they originate in the imagery of the poet, are perpetuated by the genius of the painter.

Let us now consider the paintings exhibited by the President in the present year's specimen of national talent.

No. 68, is *Milton's Messiah, from the Sixth Book of Paradise Lost.* Having received our first impression of the subject from the pages of our most awful Poet, we are ready to receive, as a representation of the *Messiah,* the form of a being, awfully severe in countenance, hurling lightning with dignified action, and accompanied with those astonishing forms which Milton has described, in the most awful manner, from the Book of Revelations. In spite of our desire to renew the sublime ideas which we have imbibed from the poet, we find that neither our reflexion nor our imagination will submit to the attempt. The glories that accompanied the Son of God to battle, and which Milton has displayed in all the sublimity of immense distance from our imagination, fade away in detail. The *celestial panoply of radiant Urim,* which we could before fancy brighter than ten thousand suns, has degenerated into common materials. *The chariot of Paternal Deity, instinct with spirit,* retains its monstrous forms, but has lost its instinctive vitality. We behold too much of the God, to apprehend the Divinity. Nor is this the worst. We recal the poetry of Milton; we recite the passage which the painter has endeavoured to express; and we with grief discover that the pencil has robbed the poem of its sublimity, without having enriched itself. We have an angry mortal, instead of a Deity, accompanying us through every line; and that *countenance, too severe to be beheld,* stares us in the face without appalling us. This, then, we pronounce to be a subject which Mr. West ought to have left untouched. The divinities of Milton are too awful for the highest powers of the pencil; in form, in features, in visage, the Godhead cannot be beheld. Were the Messiah one of the deities of the Pagan mythology; were his attributes and attendants no further removed from human nature than the gods and goddesses of Homer; we could contemplate this picture with great satisfaction. Description, Statuary, and Painting have accustomed us to the limbs and countenances of these heathen deities, and we are willing to allow an elegant human form to be an Apollo; but the Messiah, previous to his incarnation, is a being which we may conceive to exist, but which we cannot venture to behold. In Mr. West's painting there is, however, much energy of conception. The allegory is correct and grand. The *four faces* of the Cherubic shapes are well designed, as they are described in the Fourth Chapter of the Revelations. The head of a lion, an eagle, a bull, and the face of a man, (with the physiognomy of a murderer,) form altogether a terrific object, as they are partially beheld emanating from a thick vapour. We therefore do not so much condemn the execution as the attempt. Every art has its boundaries. We would not circumscribe the magic limits of the pencil, but we would restrain the inordinate ambition which condemns itself by its own efforts.

No. 119, *The Bard, from Gray's Pindaric Ode,* is the largest painting in the Exhibition. A prophetic being, superior to the rest of the human race, is the object which we expect to contemplate. But what are the external distinctions of a prophetic being? In what must a man, under the immediate influence of inspiration, differ

from other men either in feature or in form? Attitude and countenance may indeed be rendered wonderfully impressive, but it is to them alone that the pencil is confined. While natural impulses are to be exhibited, the heart of any spectator may be able to sympathise in the look and momentary action before him; but when an extraordinary and suppository sentiment is to be displayed, how closely must the painter approach the precincts of absurdity, and how much in danger is he that every impassioned trait should appear like a contortion, since it is impossible that the feelings of his spectators can ever be in unison with the preternatural feelings of his object! A painting, like this of Mr. West's, cannot, then, be in any degree independent of the poem to which it belongs: but with our minds deeply imbued with the imagery of Gray, we are to see how far the painting coincides with our ideas, or rather to what degree the sublime feelings which we have received from the poem are sustained by the figure before us. The form (except in some striking errors in the drawing and shadowing, particularly in the lower part of the trunk) is that of a majestic human being. The countenance is expressive of the most violent indignation mingled with sorrow. Vigorous and healthful age, undepressed by infirmity, seems to characterise every limb. The arm is extended; and throughout the whole action there reigns a superior degree of energy. In all this there can be nothing objectionable, if we are willing to permit the ideas which the poet has given us to descend to particulars. But do we not feel a reluctance to lose the undefined object that floats in our imagination? Is it not even painful to have an ocular testimony before us, that the prophetic being, with all his dreadful incantations, and with all the terror by which the sound of his harp arrested armies, is nothing more than an old man? Do we not turn from the correct representation, and exclaim, "This is indeed the Bard of Gray, but the Bard of Gray without that indescribable sublimity which fascinated the attention, and spoke awfully through the veil of the imagination?"—The Bard of Gray ought not to be the subject of Painting!—Still were we to describe this picture justly, the description might possess a sublimity which is not found in the picture. The vest embroidered with black, and floating in majestic folds, the energetic attitude, the interesting and impressive sorrow of the countenance, the scanty hair and beard contrasting the symbols of age with the dignity of unusual vigour—all these, in description, might rise to a sublimity of which the visible *minutiæ* of distinct detail deprives them in painting.

No. 502, *Narcissus in love with his own Image, which he sees in a Fountain.* In this Mr. West has intended to set before us not only the story of the preternatural incident described by Ovid, but we have also the most striking features of a Grecian landscape. The surrounding trees are sombrous and indistinct, and even the water has a heavy and gloomy cast. The whole induces an idea of silent solemnity, and is correctly the very scene described by the poet of the Metamorphoses. The figure of Narcissus is thin and emaciated: though prostrate, he appears about to make the tender appeal to the woods—"Ecquis, Io sylvæ, crudelius, inquit, amavit?"—Various nymphs and swains are gazing at him from some distance, and an aërial form, enveloped in a cloud, seems to commiserate his unfortunate condition. It may be here easily perceived that the painter has again chosen a subject which is scarcely conformable to the pencil's powers. The imagination again loses too much; and the eye is rather disgusted than delighted with unnatural figures and dingy shades. It is not till the whole passage is recollected that we begin to feel the beauties of the picture; and in yielding our admiration to them, we surrender much of the more sublime conceptions which we had obtained from the language and imagery of the poet. Even in natural objects this is perceptible: thus the painter can give us no more than a clear fountain surrounded with trees, while the poet tells us,

> Fons erat illimis, nitidis argenteus undis,
> Quem neque pastores, neque pastæ monte capellæ

Contigerant, aliudve pecus; quem nulla volucris,
Nec fera turbârat, nec lapsus ab arbore ramus.
Gramen erat circa, quod proxumus humor alebat;
Sylvaque, sole locum passura tepescere nullo.

Clear was the fount, and silvery shone its waves:
No shepherds—nor the mountain-pastur'd goats—
Nor any herds approach'd it: not a bird,
Nor beast, nor bough slow-falling from a tree,
Disturb'd it ever: herbage spread around,
Fed by the oozy moisture; and a wood,
Which suffer'd not the spot to know the sun.

But here the painter can give us as much as the externals of Nature herself can give us, and the imagination is at liberty to assign the rest. It is where the objects exhibited exclude all natural ideas that we give them rather to the pen than to the pencil; and we are sorry to perceive that any painter should so far mistake the sublimity of his art, as to endeavour to excel in such paintings as either are not to be understood, or, being understood, must lose that sublimity in which they originated. The sublimity of painting is the sublime of nature: the features of the passions—the magnificence and beauty of scenery—the pathos of look and attitude,—mind in every corporeal form that it is capable of assuming—are all the legitimate provinces of the graphic muse. If Poetry pretends to something more than all these—if she can arouse the imagination to the dark and indistinct conception of something preternatural, let her enjoy her awful and dangerous prerogative, without exciting a powerless emulation in her sister muse, who can and ought to accompany her in all the more lovely, and in all the more truly interesting, appearances of impassioned Nature.

Mr. R. Westall, R. A. The paintings exhibited by this eminent artist are numerous, and in general possess that warmth, delicacy, and spirit, which always characterize his pencil. No. 51, represents the *Inside of a Cottage near Blackpool, in Lancashire.* An old woman is sitting by the side of a fire in a cottage kitchen, with a child and a cat. Every thing is correct, and the child is pretty; but the simplicity of the whole borders so closely on poverty of composition, that we were not a little surprized at seeing so feeble a piece from a pencil which possesses so much energy. The two Numbers, 127 and 128, however, relieved us from the fear of Mr. Westall's pencil descending into that childish imbecility which the fashion of the day misnames *simple nature.* In the *Vertumnus* and *Pomona* (No. 127,) we meet with a bright and voluptuous warmth of colouring truly admirable: the groups of Cupids are splendid, and we see the poet as well as the painter in the whole design. Nos. 128 and 322 are both portraits of Miss Rush. They are both animated, delicate, and voluptuous. In the style of painting there is some approach to the manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds; but the glow of tint, although beautiful, is almost too daring: it is rather glitter than colour. The painter seems to have reason for the partial repetition of such a fascinating subject; but we cannot help concluding that his pencil, whether directed by his poetical imagination, or by some more tender impulse, has stolen for Miss Rush some celestial colour that scarcely belongs to human flesh and blood.—The picture that offers the most pointed mark for criticism on the talents of Mr. Westall, is No. 182, *A Herd attacked by Lions, one of the compartments of the shield of Achilles.*

This is certainly one of those subjects in which the painter may and ought to excel the poet from whom he receives the idea. Homer is describing that, from sculpture, which the painter is to express on canvas. Here, then, nothing can be too particularly distinct: we expect the whole detail as far as painting or sculpture can present it to us; for in reading the lines of Homer, we must be surely desirous of beholding the shield of Achilles. Mr. Westall has formed a strong and masterly conception of his subject. A drove of Thessalian bulls are passing through a wood: two lions have fastened themselves upon a fine snow-white animal, which seems, indeed, "*the master of the herd.*" A party

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of huntsmen (for they are too splendidly habited for drovers) is standing at some distance, aiming their spears at the ferocious wild beasts, and encouraging their intimidated hounds. The general effect of the picture is extremely brilliant. The cattle, especially the suffering beast, is well depicted; while both the lions and the dogs have all the natural lineaments of ferocity and of terror. The most exceptionable part is the human figures. A party of hunters certainly was not the idea of Homer. It was the rude and savage drovers of Thessaly, a race as fierce as the herds they attended, or as the beasts against which they were to defend their charge, to whom the great poet of antiquity seems to allude. The wary hunter had nothing to do with the picture. Those introduced by Mr. W. have another disadvantageous effect: they form a separate group, and hurt the uniformity of the design. The interest which the painter has given them is too decidedly their own: the manly ardour of one figure, and the juvenile timidity of another, are well expressed, but they lead the eye from the principal group, to which they are intended to add all the terror of human feelings on such an occasion. The spear of the principal figure is certainly not directed towards the lions: it seems held with timidity, and pointed too high.—All the splendour of tint, for which Mr. W. has been so generally known, is displayed in this piece with great effect. We cannot, however, withstand the wish, that the whole was more chastened by judicious shadow. Mr. Westall's other pictures are portraits: they are brilliant and tasteful; but we fear that a gaudiness of tint may be too justly said to be one of their strongest characteristics.

Mr. Samuel Woodforde, R. A. The portraits exhibited by this artist are very inferior to his *Henry* and *Emma*, (No. 77.) This latter piece possesses a strength of effect and a delicacy of expression that has seldom been surpassed. The unusual effect of sunshine reflected back upon objects which are considerably in shadow, is striking, and gives an interest to the first contemplation of the subject which it is liable to lose on a further investigation of its intrinsic merit. A hard and stoney style can never yield those tones of expression necessary for impassioned and delicate subjects. Brightness may be so solicitously attained as to give the idea of glossy marble instead of flesh; and a figure so painted will have the worst of all possible appearances, for it will resemble a coloured statue rather than a human being. The picture of Henry and Emma is not free from a brightness of this description: the *half-tint* is managed so as to produce all the effect of brilliancy and richness of tone to the subject, while, at the same time, a revolting hardness is the consequence of so forced a splendour. The figures are both graceful, and the countenances are extremely expressive. The sense of the poet is well sustained, and we have seldom seen the picture of a countenance in which surprize, reproach, and tenderness seemed so intimately mingled as in that of Emma. The numbers that denote the portraits are 99, 151, 171, 215.

Mr. J. Ward, A. As a painter of animals, this artist is surpassed by none. His pictures, Nos. 165 and 173, which are entitled "*Asses waiting the Return of Fishing boats*," and "*A Straw Yard*," may be pronounced to be truly excellent specimens of that species of painting. As much correctness as can be found in the works of the most laboured copies of nature are here blended with tasteful design and bold execution. In the first of these the turbid sky and ocean are exquisitely depicted, and the whole scene has a dreariness which is well contrasted by the patience of the long-eared animals, who are waiting in a row upon the beach for their masters. Nos. 111 and 142, *A Suffolk Mare* and *a Shetland Poney*, are both true to nature; while both the drawing and colouring are the work of that inimitable freedom which is the offspring of perception and practice. The other numbers belonging to the works of Mr. Ward are 10, 37, 46, 132, and 216. Among these is a portrait of Mr. Pratt, *the interesting Gleaner*, which is a correct and highly-finished likeness of that amusing author.

Mr. R. Walker exhibits *A Design for a Senate-House*. No. 743.

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Mr. R. Wallace, a Design for a Mausoleum, No. 804.

Mr. J. Wallis, No. 569, *Fruit.*

Mr. J. Wallis, No. 780, a Design for a *Town Hall* and a *Court House.*

Mr. C. Walling has three landscapes, Nos. 185, 410, 422.

Mr. W. Ward, No. 367, *A Portrait of Miss Noyes.*

Mr. T. Warner, A Frame of Miniatures, No. 674.

Mr. S. Ware, No, 776, The Aqueduct proposed to be erected in Stratford Valley.

Mr. Warton, *A perspectioe View of the Church at Saffron Walden,* No. 794.

Mr. W. H. Watts has, besides three very good miniatures, a small painting on ivory, which he calls *Frugal Fare,* (No. 595.) It consists of a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a glass of beer. The table-cloth is exquisitely finished, and the whole is touched with great skill and delicacy.

Mr. J. Wauthier has a *View of the Ruins of the Aqueduct of Pola in Istria.* This painting is a coarse and unpleasing combination of green and grey tints.

Mr. Weavfr exhibits a portrait of *Bobtail, a celebrated cart-horse,* No. 199.

Mr. E. Westoby has a View near Southampton, No. 461.

Mrs. White exhibits a *Landscape, Sunset,* No. 156. There is in this landscape a vigour of design and a breadth of colouring which are truly magnificent. The fair artist seems to be familiar with the most awful description of mountain scenery, and her pencil appears, by sedulous practice, to be well skilled in pourtraying the imagery of her ideas.

Mr. W. Wier, No. 408 and 426, *Halloween* and the *Cottar's Saturday Night.* Very indifferent drawing and meagre colouring.

Mr. D. Wilkie. This excellent depictor of natural and domestic scenes exhibits two specimens of his extraordinary talents: these are No. 123, *The Cut Finger,* and No. 129, *The Rent-day.* Few painters have ever equalled Mr. Wilkie in scenes of domestic humour. The comedy of human life continually presents amusing traits which the inattentive observer cannot perceive: it is, therefore, that we generally find caricatura supplying the place of just delineation, and that those who know not how to seize the genuine comic features of daily transactions are forced into the display of eccentricity and extravagance. Mr. Wilkie, on the contrary, places nothing more than the truth before us: nothing distorted—nothing beyond those occurrences which fall every day under our observation; and charms us with those things only, which, in the hurry of life, we forget to contemplate. Mr. Wilkie has found means to make us laugh, and laugh outright, at the simple and natural terror of a child who has cut his finger. This terror, expressed by a countenance contorted with sobs, streaming with tears, and crimsoned with choaking emotions, is so extravagantly beyond the occasion, and so well contrasted by the quiet but benevolent countenances of the mother and grandmother, that we are provoked to risibility before we are aware, and are delighted with the humorous absurdity so accurately depicted, before we have time to check the sentiment of ridicule. Infantile emotions are not easily expressed, so as to be raised into the real *ludicrous;* but Nature, when presented to our contemplation by the skill of genius, ever fascinates the attention. All the subordinate parts of this picture are highly finished, yet they are not thereby rendered too prominent. The light and shadow are so well managed, that an undisturbed clearness pervades the whole scene. The brightness from the window glistening on the wall has an excellent effect. —*The Rent-day* displays the steward's hall, in which the tenants are assembled to pay their rents, and partake of a bountiful repast. To describe the many natural traits with which this picture abounds, would far exceed our limits. The group at the pay-table first claims our attention. A very old farmer and his son are explaining a disputed point with the steward, whose assistant accountant is referring to the *rent book:* the honest, open countenance of the son, who seems to say, "Sir, you will certainly find my statement correct," is suffused with a blush, not of shame nor of indignation, but

of that gentle yet hectic nature which a man feels when he cannot make himself understood in a delicate matter. The earnest feebleness of the old man, the cool, scrutinizing, yet good-natured aspect of the steward, and the busy, yet profound attention of the accountant, which seems divided between the *rent book* and the explanation of the younger man, are all accurately and judiciously depicted. The middle group consists of those who are waiting to pay their rent. These have all the excellence of closely delineated character. Two, standing in earnest conversation, are well defined: one of them appears to have some pecuniary claims on the other, and seems urgent in his demand: the other is labouring between a shuffling apology and the means of eluding the demand. The wives and children of some of the tenants, with two old men in country cloaks, make up this group. The agony of a violent cough is well expressed in the figure of one of these old men. Those who have transacted their business at the steward's board of green-cloth are seated at a board which is covered much more to their satisfaction. In light and shadow, keeping, effect, finishing, and character, we have never seen a picture superior to the *Rent-day* of Mr. Wilkie. It is one of those pieces which Art seems to offer at the shrine of Nature, and which human perfection and taste render valuable even to Nature herself.

Mr. W. Wilkins. Three architectural drawings, Nos. 752, 764, 773.

Mr. Wilkins, jun. Miniature portraits of the children of Sir W. Clayton, Bart. No. 603.

Mr. G. Wilson. Nos. 161 and 205. *The poor Sailor* and *the poor Soldier*. These are a pair of very indifferent paintings. They want expression, colour, and execution.

Mr. W. Wilson. Nos. 179 and 190, *Kelso* and *Bonskied*.

Mr. J. Wilson. *A view of Bothwell Castle*, No. 249.

Mr. J. Williams. Part of a design for a public building, No. 728.

Mr. J. Winckworth. *A view of the parish church of Ayott St. Lawrence, near Welwyn, Herts*, No. 825.

Mr. J. Wood. *A view of Cefu Brunich Bridge, near Brecon, South Wales*, No. 379.—This view possesses much merit: there is a warmth of tint and a brightness of touch very pleasingly sustained by broad shadow. The rich light on the hills has an excellent effect.

Mr. D. Wolstenholme exhibits Nos. 24, 101, 227, and 451. These are paintings of animals and of the sports of the field. They are in general accurate and spirited in the delineation, but the colouring is coarse and insipid.

Mr. S. Woodin, jun. has three views, Nos. 69, 160, 256. His colouring is too green, and the general effect of his pictures is a feeble coldness.

Mr. C. Woolcott. *Portrait of Mr. Leave*, No. 42.

Mr. J. Wright. Miniature portrait of a Lady, No. 645.

Mr. M. C. Wyatt. *An Infant Bacchus*, No. 154, and *a portrait*, No. 446.

Mr. J. Wyatt. *Architectural Designs*, Nos. 386, 740, and 824.

Mr. G. Wyatt. Various architectural designs of great merit. Nos. 792, 813, 853, 866.

Mr. H. J. Wyatt. *A perspective Design for an Exchange*, No. 745.

Mr. T. Wyon. Three impressions from sculpture in steel, Nos. 661, 675, 679.

We do not intend to be very explicit in our remarks on the works of those who exhibit under the title of *honorary members*. Whether concealed in *initials*, or dignified with the adjunct of *Esquire*, they claim very little attention from the critic. It is not among those who make *art* a plaything, and *scienci* an amusement, that we are to expect excellence.——Miss H. A. E. Jackson's performances demand some notice. No. 49 represents *Agrippina with the Urn of Germanicus*. This seems to be a portrait. The head is modern.——No. 240 is a very reprehensible subject: yet when a lady condescends to display the naked female form, we cannot shut our eyes, whatever may be our sentiments of the fair Ex-

hibitor. *The Attention of Venus attracted by sportive Cupids,* is the tender object of Miss Jackson's pencil; and so indelicately has her pencil managed it, that we should be apt to conclude that Mr. D. Guest and this lady painted side by side from the same object. We sincerely advise this lady to employ her talents to better purpose. In the form of the human figure she is very faulty. The back of her Venus is round and fat, the limbs ill-shaped, and the joints and muscular prominences placed with the most unjustifiable violation of anatomy. The features are harsh, and forced into a disagreeable projection by dark and dingy shadows. It is truly a disgusting picture, and the more so, as it is the production of a lady.

Mr. Wright's *View on the Rhine* is a rich and elegant landscape; and *Flowers, from Nature,* (No. 393,) by a Lady, are an excellent specimen of that kind of painting.—Miss Henderson's *Heath's Hall, near Wakefield, Yorkshire,* is a spirited and bright composition.

NORWICH EXHIBITION.

(*Continued from page 497 of Vol. I.*)

Mrs. Copping.—No. 2, *Copy from Gainsborough;* and No. 7, *Virgin and Child,* copy from an old master. These are both highly creditable to Mrs. Copping's imitative talents.

Mr. Crotch exhibited five pictures, which, although *Crotchet's*, could not arrest our attention for one *minim*.

Mr. Dixon had twelve pictures in the Exhibition this year. No. 15, *Flordon Black Horse.* The colouring of this picture is excellent, and the effect rich and powerful; but we think the figures do not possess that ease and beauty which generally characterise Mr. Dixon's pencil.—No. 18, *A View at Lakenham.* This also is a rich and powerful drawing. The chiaroscuro evinces Mr. Dixon's knowledge of effect, and may be considered as a fine specimen of the judicious arrangement of light and shade combined with colour, We were particularly delighted with the limpid appearance of the brook, and were almost led to seek "a shape within the watery gleam, bending to look on us."—Nos. 54, 55, 73, and 123, are pencil sketches. Mr. Dixon's style of pencil sketches is peculiarly *his own.* All his productions evince that he studies Nature in the great original; and the fidelity of his representations induces us to fancy that we can actually perceive the crumbling of his ruins, the murmuring of his rills, the motion of his figures, and the whispering of his gtoves.—Nos. 118 and 137, *Cottage Scenes* in Indian ink. Of the first, we should say that it wanted air; and of the second, that the light and shade are well arranged. The foreground has an admirable effect; but we think the pictures might have been improved by a *busier sky,* and the introduction of an appropriate offskip.—No. 159, *A View on Mousehold Heath.* A choice bit, and a close one.—No. 186. This picture represents *Evening.* The rich beams of the departing sun illumine the western sky, as he hastens to "Thetis' lap." The painter has thrown a golden radiance over the whole picture; and the gleam of *distance* makes us regret that he does not more frequently introduce in his pictures that *expanse* which Mr. Dixon has shown himself *capable* of expressing so well.—No. 192, *Entrance to Cromer, on the Aylsham Road.* This picture, altogether, commands attention and applause. The only fault we discover is in the sky, which we wish had been less *crude,* and not made. as it were, *to fit* the ruin.—No. 197. This is a capital performance, and we consider it to be *the best* picture in the Room. Indeed we cannot avoid saying

that it is with peculiar pleasure we notice the *improved* style of Mr. Dixon's pictures. This gratification we had anticipated from his scenic productions at our Theatre. The Artist has faithfully represented what we consider difficult to render at all pleasing to the eye—a strong sunshine partially illumining the *Ruins of a Tower,* to which are attached the lowly huts and picturesque implements of the laboring hind. The devastating hand of Time is visible on the lofty moss-crowned and mouldering walls of the city. Our ideas naturally recur to that period when these walls were the great defence of Norwich against the bold attacks of her predatory foreign assailants and rebellious citizens. We were compelled to pause, and contemplate the rude but magnificent works of *our* ancestors; and the painter has brought to our view the fallen grandeur of the feudal ages with considerable effect.

MR. ELLINETT had twelve respectable *copies* from ancient and modern masters.—We think No. 30 a very pretty specimen of *imitative* talent.

MR. FREEMAN. No. 185, *Warwick Castle*—No. 137, Pencil drawing—No. 155, *Abbey at Tewksbury*—No. 196, *Cottage near Bristol,* a pencil sketch—all highly creditable to the Artist; and the pencil sketches are particularly good.

MR. LADBROOKE. No. 100, an oil picture, over the Fire-place. This not only shows great deficiency in every point of view, but is indisputably a direct copy from Turner. We find not only Turner's wreck, but also his boats, and the very identical rudder. —No. 111, *Girl knitting at a Cottage Door.* This likewise is a copy from Mr. Dixon's picture exhibited last year, without any of the merit which attaches to that rising artist. The vine-covered door, the keeler, and the linen, are but poor representations of the original. The girl is any thing but a living being. The blood has forsaken her cheeks; a livid paleness overspreads the countenance; and this *rosy rustic maid* looks as if she had been dead ten days, and the corpse was in an advanced state of putrescence.—No. 146, *Ships stranded on the Beach near Cromer.* This picture (if such it can be called) is cold, muddy, and altogether a wretched thing. The sail thrown over the rock is only perceptible by a coarse black line, which appears to have been made with a tar stick.—No. 99, *View of a Farm House in Suffolk.* This is a drawing of good composition and of good effect; but the treating it with that *peculiar species of rubbing-net,* of which Mr. Ladbrooke appears so fond, has totally destroyed all pretensions to spirit and masterly handling.—In his Drawing, No. 127, *A View on Ipswich River,* this defect is less obvious in general, but very striking in one particular; the *only* mass of light being produced by this species of FINESSE.—No. 21, *The Recruit's Departure,* an oil picture. This is one of Mr. Ladbrooke's *attempts* at the pathetic. However, it does not awaken our sympathy, but rather excites our regret that so much time and labour should be employed on a picture the style of which is so completely out of the Artist's line. Had he, conscious that he was travelling out of his sphere, prefixed, by way of motto,

> "For us, and for our tragedy,
> Humbly we beg your clemency,"

we might have been disposed to pass it without criticism, or at least without severity. The group before us consists of the Sergeant, on the left, or rather in the middle of the picture, in the act of urging the departure of the Recruit, by pointing to the rest of the party, retiring in the distance. On his right, in a *theatrical* attitude, stands the Recruit, surrounded by his wife, family, and aged parents, who appear to be lamenting the loss of one, endeared to them by the most powerful ties of nature and affection. —The son—the husband—the father—all united in one person, about to be separated, perhaps for ever, from his afflicted relatives——here we have a confluence of passions, producing a subject worthy, indeed of the pencil; and the inexpressible grief which the painter would endeavour to depict on the countenance, the great Timanthes himself would have hidden by his wondrous veil. The figures betray great ignorance of anatomy and colouring:

they have the appearance of being painted from lay figures appropriately dressed. The old woman, whom we suppose Mr. Ladbrooke *intended* to represent as weeping, appears to us if she had received from the sergeant a pinch of Arnold's *best Scotch*, which operating on her olfactory nerves, obliges her to exhibit strong symptoms of sternutation. The figure of the old man is well conceived, and better executed than the others. He is turning from the scene, to weep in silence. The Cottage has merit as a cottage, but it does not appear to belong to the group, nor the group to the cottage.—No. 95, an oil picture, painted, as we suppose, from the motto affixed—

"Meekly resign'd, she sat in anxious pain:
He fill'd his pipe, and listen'd to the rain."

But by a whimsical misnomer Mr. Ladbrooke has entitled it *Domestic Happiness*. As our ideas of *domestic happiness* will ever exclude pain of any kind, we confess ourselves at a loss to discover the application of the title to the picture. The motto perhaps may be trite enough, as the good woman certainly, from the formation of her mouth, seems to be suffering under a paroxysm of the tooth-ache; and, as Leonato observes,

"There was never yet philosoper
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And make a *pish* at chance and sufferance."

This picture is, however, better touched, and the colouring is better, than in the *Recruit's Departure*; but the same deficiencies, and the same stiffness of drawing, pervade the whole.——No. 98, *A study from Nature*.——There are other pieces of a minor consideration, (No. 131, for instance,) concerning which we will not make any observations; and we have no doubt but previous to the next Exhibition Mr. Ladbrooke will profit by our friendly hints.

Mr. Thirtle exhibits No. 17, *A cottage*. No. 134, *Mill and cottage on Mousehold Heath*, possessing great merit.—No. 152, *Devil's Tower, Norwich*. This is a meritorious picture. We wish there had been more distance between the sky and the water, which approximate too near both in colour and in tone. The illuminated rippling is so *mechanically* managed as materially to abstract from the value of this performance.—No. 201, *Fyebridge, Norwich*. This is one of Mr. Thirtle's best productions. It is very clear, and more powerful than Mr. T.'s in general are. There is strength in the bridge, and *coolness* in the water.—No. 202, *View near Thorpe; Evening*. This is also a fine drawing.——No. 205. *Interior of Norwich cathedral*. Below Mr. Thirtle's usual standard.

Mr. Sillett, of Lynn, exhibits No. 57, *Dead Game*. A respectable performance. —No. 61, *Moonlight*, a copy.——No. 62, *Flowers*; which, though very beautiful in themselves, are so loaded with insects, that we were compelled to believe it was intended to represent the *Butterfly's Ball*.

We have also two Drawings by Mr. Stevens, whose merits are well known to the visitors of the Spring Gardens Exhibition.

Mr. J. Varley also exhibits two, whose merits are too well known to need any comment

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE.

POETRY.

The Sailor Boy; a Poem, in Four Cantos, illustrative of the Navy of Great Britain. By H. C. Esq. Author of the Fisher Boy. 12mo. pp. 208..

THE author of this poem conceives that some apology is necessary for "ushering the ensuing Cantos into publicity;" but however, he "can offer no other excuse for the publication of this poem than the real admiration with which he has ever regarded the glorious navy of his country." Now although *admiration* may be a very good reason for composing poetry, whether good or bad, yet it is also a very good reason for not publishing *bad* poetry at all. If Mr. H. C.'s respect for the navy of Great Britain be really unfeigned, and not merely assumed as a cloak for his own *poetical vanity*, we are persuaded that it would have induced him rather to suppress than to print so much nonsense in bad verse, as he has in this volume ventured to set before the public. We have seldom had to peruse a more miserable composition. A silly story of a boy who runs away from a cruel step-mother, becomes a seaman, arrives at rank, marries, and is happy, might perhaps have served as an episode in some modern novel: but how it is to be "illustrative of the navy of Great Britain" is not easily imagined. We have indeed the mention of Trowbridge, Lord Duncan, Burges, Trollope, &c. &c. in somewhat better verse than the rest of the poem.

"Still was the record of that glorious feat
In British minds alive, when brave defeat
Of Albion's foes off *Cape St. Vincent*, drew
From England's gratitude the tribute due;
When *Jarvis, Thompson, Parker, Nelson* gain'd
That recompense their valour had obtain'd:
While ev'ry captain, and each gallant tar,
Was hail'd alike a gallant son of War."

Concerning Lord Duncan, we are told, in a note, that "he had a particular antipathy to trusting himself in a boat, particularly if there was the least appearance of foul weather; nor is it less certain that he would strike his yards and topmasts in the Downs, if he thought a small squall was coming on; which gave rise to the appellation of *the fair-weather admiral*, by which he was designated, whensoever he came into port, by such ladies as were his particular intimates."

The following lines are the best in the whole poem; and were they not tinctured with a *conceit*, might be considered in some respects tolerable:

"Behold him mourn heroic Nelson's doom,
And follow, weeping, to his honour'd tomb—
Sad hallow'd mausoleum, which contains
The mortal casket, that alone remains
Memorial of the gem it once enshrin'd,
The soul of honour, and the hero's mind.
Farewel, brave chief! the bard thy praise would sing,
But melancholy breaks the lyric string;
Sorrow resounds, while hanging o'er thy bier,
The tributary lay—*the feeling tear!*"

But what shall we say to such stuff as this?

"When the next morn should be dispatch'd to school,
And also *wear on head* the cap of fool."

or to this fine invocation?

"Come, fire heroic! let thy brilliant beam
The page illume, and in the Muse's stream
My pen imbue, bright energies to show
True virtue's type, the stamp of virtue's glow."—

We can only exclaim to this *marine* poet, in the words of Horace—

"Navem agere ignarus navis timet—
Scribimus indocti doctique poëmata passim."

Spanish Heroism. or, the Battle of Roncesvalles, a Poetical Romance. By John Belfour, Esq. Author of "Music," a Didactic Poem, &c. &c. 8vo. p.p. 277.

No man of real genius was ever drawn into the direct line of imitation by the success of a cotemporary author. It requires a sense of weakness entirely incompatible with that generous ardour which a just confidence in our own mental vigour always inspires, to follow at an humble distance the guidance of another, and to catch the rejected leaves of that wreath of fame which we can never call our own. Yet in every age there is a servile race of versifiers, who watch the attainments of the poets of their day, and attempt to creep in the pursuit of the same objects. This is particularly the case when any author has arrived at eminence by some work, of which the more prominent features are marked by certain peculiarities or eccentricities: the imitators immediately arise in crowds, and believe they have attained equal excellence, and deserve equal success, if they have seized some of these external and novel characteristics. It is, therefore, not surprizing that the two extraordinary poems of Walter Scott should have incited so numerous a flock of *goose-quills* to elevate themselves behind him, and strive to fly in his track. In the volume now before us, we find an author, who has given testimony that he could have done better, now descending into the ranks of servility, and, like a juggler who imitates flying by sliding down a rope from the steeple of a church, lowering himself from the height to which he had attained, because he fancies, and would have the public fancy, that he is flying in the regions of antiquity and poetical taste like Walter Scott. His subject might have possessed interest sufficient of its own, without any recourse to the style of *Marmion*, or the *Lay of the last Minstrel*: nor is it the measure and the antiquated manner of those poems that render them the favourites of the public: they are animated and pointedly characteristic; they abound in exquisite description; and are in every respect invigorated with the true spirit of genius. The style in which they are composed may have added to their interest by its novelty; but now that novelty is gone, and we cannot but perceive that the matter would have gone with it, if it were not sustained by the valuable materials of which it is framed—the figures, descriptions, and energies of true poetry. The temporary interest which belongs to the poem of Mr. Belfour arises out of the similarity of the circumstances which preceded the battle of Rŏncesvalles, and the invasion of Spain by the French troops under Buonaparte. Alphonso the Chaste, king of Leon and the Asturias, had promised to invest Charlemagne with the sovereignty of his kingdom, if he would assist him in the expedition against the Moors. The French emperor readily assented, attacked the Moors, possessed himself of Pampeluna, and drove them completely out of that province. This compact being communicated to the nobles and principal chieftains of Alphonso, they refused to concur in his views; and, supported by Bernardo del Carpio, determined to resist the progress of Charlemagne, should he attempt to enforce his right to the throne. The Gallic monarch, incensed at the patriotic ardour of the nobility, ordered a prodigious force to march into Spain, and to encamp on the plain of Roncesvalles, where the whole of the French army was cut to pieces after a most sanguinary conflict, and Charlemagne was compelled to return to France in the utmost precipitation and dismay.—This general account of the circumstances that form the ground-work of the poem we have abridged from a more explicit detail which Mr. B. gives in his preface. In his poem he has interspersed the narration with various episodes, which add very little interest to the composition, as they interrupt the general view, and break up that pleasure which might be derived from the contemplation of earnest and elevated patriotism. These episodes have also the further defect, that they are taken, with all their ridiculous incidents, from old romances, and make the general one appear fabulous and unworthy of attention. The conferences previous to the action of the poem occupy too much space, and the author has

been guilty of an egregious error in introducing us first to the court of Charlemagne, and thus interesting our admiration for the dignity and military virtues of that great conqueror. The court of the imbecile Alphonso is afterwards tame and disgusting; and we find all our best wishes pre-occupied in favour of the more engaging monarch. We should not have discovered that Bernardo del Carpio was to be considered as the hero of the poem, if the author had not taken the trouble to inform us of this in his notes; and so extraneous are the adventures of this knight from the object which the preface has pointed out to our attention, that we cannot but consider him as one of the most troublesome heroes we ever met with. In his journey to the court of Charlemagne he rescues a virgin from the power of two giants, and restores her to her lover, who had become a hermit; and with this, and other adventures of the same sort, we find Bernardo engaged during the greatest portion of the four first cantos. Similar fragments of antiquated romance are inserted in the remaining cantos, until the battle of Roncesvalles becomes a matter of very trifling consequence in comparison with the preternatural events with which we find our minds bewildered. In the language, there is little energy: a tedious, metrical prose supplies this irregular narrative with an inharmonious vehicle, and *jumbles* along without any attention to the poetical beauties that lie in its way, unless the recollection of a passage in some other author should cross the mind of this poet, and luckily fall in rhyme with any of the lines of his unfettered stanza, like the following imitation of Collins:—

"Prophetic sounds were ne'er so full of dread." Canto V. l. 21.

We are sorry to see talent thrown away by false taste; and much as we admire the poems of Mr. Scott, we lament that he has opened the door of poetry to much imbecility of composition, and has led the way to a further perversion of the powers of English composition.

Marmion Travestied; a Tale of Modern Times. By Peter Pry, Esq. p. p. 227

Parody is a species of wit, which, from its facility, finds many votaries: there is scarcely a striking passage in any eminent poet which has not been closely paralleled by some whimsical poetaster. The best specimens of such composition are to be met with in *Le Lutrin* of Boileau, the *Dispensary* of Garth, and in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*: in those poems the imitations of ancient authors of celebrity come upon us unawares, and delight us by the contrast of ideas which they introduce. The case is very different when our attention is solicited for a regular *burlesque* through all the parts of a serious or sublime poem. There is no invitation so truly forbidding as an invitation to a *laugh*: it always defeats its own purpose; and while the *facetious inviter* torments his own face into all the contortions of risibility, the stubborn muscles of the invited are fixed in all the rigidity of *apathetical* contempt. In the *Travesties* which Scarron and Cotton have bestowed upon Virgil, there is sometimes a quaintness—an uncommon happiness of blending a low expression with a sublime idea, that we are almost shaken out of our *solidity*, and forced into a sudden laugh; but we soon recover ourselves, and throw the book aside with disgust. Indeed there are fewer readers of *Cotton* and *Scarron* than of any other humourous writers, and yet no writers have equalled them in that species of the burlesque. The *Splendid Shilling* of Phillips is not a *travestie* of Milton, but merely the application of Milton's style and verse to a low subject: it pleases not by ridicule nor by contrast, but by the just adaptation of its figures and *sesquipedalian* language to the mock misery of its subject. The real *travestie* does not exist in our language to any extent; nor would it probably be suffered, even were the attempt to be made with the most poignant wit. In England we love *satire*, but we hate *sarcasm*; scandal has its hour at our tea-tables, and, when in print, it will run from Wigmore-street round Cavendish-square, and *thereabouts*, like wild-fire, but it soon goes

out:—we cannot bear it in a volume larger than a duodecimo, with a broad margin and *loose* lines, and would as soon think of binding up the bellman's verses, or the songs of Theodore's farces, as the publications of Mr. H——s. It is with Juvenal, Pope, or Churchill exclusively, that we can laugh at folly, or ridicule vice: Horace is too tender for us, and Boileau too vague, while all the *comicalities* of a Scarron (could any Englishman condescend to imitate such eccentric absurdities) would only meet with scorn and contempt.

The volume before us contains an *intended* travestie on the *Marmion of Walter Scott.* The story substituted in place of that in the form of a poem of the Northern bard, is the *pretended* private history of those transactions which occupied the attention of our legislative *bodies* during the greatest part of last Spring. The author thus draws a double-shafted bow; or, to use a more trite expression, "tries to kill two birds with one stone." His subject, however, he might have left to the more serious "satire of historical record!" His verse, were it tagged with sharper points than those with which Callimachus tagged his Ibis, would still be inefficaciously applied to those who *cannot smart.* In the manner he has narrated the private circumstances, there is little novelty of facts; and we give him credit for some invention, and not a little humour, in his description of incidents that have already met the public eye in plain prose.—With what regards our *modern antique*, Mr. Walter Scott, we shall permit his *Travestier* to say something, before we give an *iota* of our own opinion *. "Much has been said of the simplicity of style for which *Marmion* and the other works of Mr. Scott are distinguished; but no attention has been paid to the deviation, of which, with respect to the *munda simplicitas*, that author has been notoriously guilty. Great allowance might be made to him, if he acted in conformity with the opinion we have already noticed; but it seems that he more strongly, and yet more egotistically, argues, that the "Lay of the *last* Minstrel" cuts out all future competition. We sincerely hope it may be so; for of all the ballad-rangers on the outskirts of Parnassus, from the author of Chevy Chace to the simple and independent Walter Scott, few have been so successful in collecting the garbage of the Muses' kitchen as the latter gentleman. This rhythmical harmony—" but enough: if Mr. Scott has sinned against the *munda simplicitas* of natural expression in some instances, are we, therefore, to read two hundred and seventy pages of careless and inelegant versification to be made sensible of that error? Mr. Scott's verse may sometimes drag or *draw* heavily along, and this *burlesquer* might have found opportunities of exemplifying the defect; we did not want a volume of doggrel to make us out of humour with bad verses. We are no great admirers of the *border minstrelsy* in general, yet we are convinced, that particular pieces of it are replete with poetical beauties both of diction and sentiment: we cannot therefore consider the imitation of the best of the *border-ballads* as a vile or disgraceful occupation, but we think, on the contrary, that in "the Lay of the last Minstrel" particularly, Mr. Scott has executed a task which had long been requisite to settle the disputed questions concerning that species of ancient poetry. Had that been the *last* lay of the sort, we should have been content: the genius of Mr. Scott should have ornamented our present language, after having given us a specimen of its expression in times long gone by; and he, who could draw so well the dark, yet arduous character of a Marmion, might well have given us a more regular and more determinate effort of his creative powers.—This *Travestie* is worth perusing: it contains some point, and is certainly written by somebody who can write better.

* Advertisement, page xiv.

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE.

Poems: consisting chiefly of Translations from the Greek, Latin, and Italian, with some Originals. By Mrs. Ware, of Ware-Hill, Herts. 12mo. *pp.* 230.

An elegant mind, with opportunities of study, may not only make considerable acquisitions, but may also produce rich samples of its improved powers; yet neither its acquisitions nor its productions may be altogether calculated for public notice. The attainments which embellish female manners are certainly not to be limited. Whatever has any tendency to render *woman* more amiable in the domestic circle in which she lives, or in the particular orbit of society in which she is accustomed to move, should know no restriction; and both language and science offer not only treasures to the more abstruse student, but decorations that brighten conversation, and add intelligence to beauty. Still the softer cares of the feminine bosom—the duties of daughter, of wife, and of mother—the many *tender virtues* of life—the gentle domiciliary obligations, and the intrusive daily business of domestic duty, preclude that depth of knowledge, or that accuracy of attainment, which ought to be expected from a translator or philosopher. In the volume before us we perceive an example of this truth. Mrs. Ware has undoubtedly made all that proficiency in the learned languages which must add consequence to her conversation; and we doubt not that many a Cantabrigian and Oxonian have been *put to the blush* by her erudition. But it is one thing to put to confusion all the Greek contained under a square cap, and a very different thing to translate the Greek that ought to be there, into English verse. To the former exploit we think Mrs. Ware fully equal; and we fear that she may have been inhospitable enough to silence the parson of the parish over a Christmas turkey at Ware-Hall; but there should have terminated her desire of fame. Her translations abound with inaccuracies, and a light, careless phraseology runs through all her compositions, which makes it obvious that she has been too much in a hurry to catch the eye of admiration, while that admiration was, in her circle of friends, always at hand, and always attentive. The two translations from Theocritus are the best of the imitations of the Greek; and those from Horace, among Mrs. Ware's attempts from the Latin: yet in the former there are not only frequent misconstructions of the text, but many inelegancies; and the same faults may be too often found in the translations from the Latin. The Lady entirely omits this passage:

Τηνον μαν θωες, τηνον λυκοι ωρυσαντο, &c.

and the following beautiful lines,

Πόλλαί οἱ παρ ποσσὶ βοες, πολλοὶ δε τε
ταῦροι,
Πόλλαί δ' αὖ δαμαλαι και πορπες ὠδυραντο.

in which we acknowledge that the *cows and the bulls* are not very congenial with our modern elegant ideas of delicacy of expression, might surely have found a closer paraphrase than

"*The lowing herds no more attend his call,*
And *drooping flocks* lament their shepherd's
fall;"

the first line of which is directly the reverse of the sense of the original; while the *drooping flocks* of the second, are a poor substitution for the *calves and heifers* of the Sicilian poet. Some few lines we may excuse a lady for passing over; nor will we say to her, what *La Fontaine* said to a lady who tore a manuscript copy of one of his indecent stories, "*Tu l'as donc, lû, et tu la comprens.*" The many offences against decorum in the ancients are one of the strongest objections to the learned languages becoming a part of female education. We may be thought too squeamish, yet we cannot help thinking better of a woman who has not read such things in any language; and much better of her, if her modesty will not permit her to discover that she has read them. In Mrs. Ware's original pieces there is much to admire. We recommend her to limit that admiration to the circle of her friends, by *manuscript* copies of her productions: the press is a wide and stormy ocean; there in vain she hopes to "depre-

cate the blasts of severe criticism, which," as she justly observes in her prefatory address, "would not fail to founder *her* fragile, and perhaps too venturesome bark."

The Church-Yard, and other Poems; by George Woodley. 12mo. pp. 156.

Blank verse may be easily written; but to write poetry in blank verse is a difficulty of which few poetasters seem aware. However Cowper may have enriched our language by his excellent compositions, yet we think that the desultory and verbose style of *The Task* has tended to loosen the reins of versification, and made many a jack-ass, in this *gad-fly* age, fancy himself a Pegasus. Mr. Woodley abounds in common-place observations written in false metaphors and double-ending verses. His best passages are imitations of other authors. He sometimes affects the colloquial points of Young.—What shall we say to this strange metaphor?

"—— if the grave
Were but the *wheel* to *grind* us into dust,
And *sift* our souls into annihilation—"

Yet amidst much very reprehensible and negligent paraphrase of other poetry, we occasionally stumble upon something like originality; or we meet with such a combination of familiar beauties now united, that we willingly allow the author much merit, and wish that merit was more decidedly his own. The following extract is a proof that we do not bestow *this sort* of approbation undeservedly:

"'Tis midnight: universal silence reigns!
All Nature in such heavy slumber lies,
As tho' 'twould wake no more. No sound is heard
Through all the ample landscape. Not a leaf,
Descending slowly on the drowsy air,
Attracts th' attention of the eye or ear.
The nightingale hath ceas'd her mellow note,
And sinks into the general repose.
So great the stillness, that *against my side*
Plainly I hear my bosom's tenant beat,
In due and measur'd pace, the march of Time!"——

The last circumstance would have been excellent, had it not been spoiled by the ridiculous metaphor (derived from a *pun* on the word *beat*) in the last line.—We are disposed to praise where we can; but we fear that Mr. W. is very *deep* in the *bathos*, and his best thoughts *sink* rapidly beyond the reach of our encomiums.

ROMANCE.

Seraphina; or, a Winter in Town. A modern Novel, in 3 Volumes, by Caroline Burney.

This novel possesses considerable merit. It is written in a style of sprightly humour and unaffected gaiety. The language is neat, and occasionally approaches to elegance, although very much disfigured by frequent errors of the press. The incidents, if not entitled to the praise of much novelty, are entertaining, and sometimes interesting. That there are such characters in real life as Dr. Melbourne we believe; but certainly the metamorphose of Sophia Pembroke from a country curate's daughter into the fashionable epitome of high life, is unnatural and overcharged. We think there seems to be a disposition very prevalent among the novel-writers of the day to debase the higher orders of society with a greater share of vice than belongs to them. We are inclined to attribute this to the great distance at which these writers are obliged to view the objects they pretend to delineate, and the consequent necessity they are under of substituting broad caricature for the more faithful outlines of truth. Some of the incidents appear to have been introduced without an object, or that object seems to have been forgotten. Of this description is the letter delivered by Edward to Seraphina, which the latter was to peruse at her leisure, but which it does not appear she ever found leisure to peruse.—Mrs. Evans is too familiar with her lady; and the heroine, on the first evening of her arrival in town, is infinitely too flippant for a young lady brought up in the retirement of a Welch village. It would extend this critique beyond our limits, to point out some inaccuracies; but we can say, upon

the whole, that although the fair authoress will not rank in the highest class of writers in this department of literature, she maintains a very respectable situation.

Tales of Fashionable Life, in 3 vols. By Miss Edgeworth, Author of "Practical Education," "Castle Rackrent," &c. &c.

Miss Edgeworth again steps forward, with justly established claims to public favour, and in the work before us, we may venture to predict that she will lose no share of the portion of it she has already obtained.—In these volumes she presents us with a correct picture of the "Follies of the Great;" and, from a wide field, certainly not unsparingly scattered, has she selected the most conspicuous of those plants which debase and disfigure the soil.—In whatever scene Miss E. places the causes, she delineates her picture with the nicest discrimination of character and colouring.—When she introduces us into the society of the great and the gay, we find ourselves (where we are with so few of the novel writers of the present day) *indeed* in the drawing-rooms of high life, and with every character around us in its appropriate costume.—We must, nevertheless, where it is somewhat difficult to give a decided preference, allow it to the Tale of "Ennui," (which occupies the whole of the first volume,) [that malady to which the great, and the idly gay, are almost exclusively subject.] Miss Edgeworth here not only points out the origin of the disease, but, like a skilful physician, presents us also with a remedy for it, with the happiest exemplification of her theory.—Whoever opens these volumes, will not close them in disappointment.

Manfroni; or the One-handed Monk, a Romance, in 4 vols. By Mary Ann Radcliffe.

Upon reading the title page of these volumes we were deceived into a belief that they were written by Mrs. Radcliffe, the ingenious authoress, we had almost said the inventress, of that class of Novel called *Horrific;* but, alas! we had not proceeded through half a dozen pages before we were entirely undeceived. It is no more like the productions of *the* Mrs. Radcliffe we allude to than "I to Hercules." There is nothing very exceptionable in the incidents, but we meet with nothing new or striking. The style is unequal, and seems to have depended a good deal upon the last books which the authoress had been reading immediately previous to taking up her pen. We track her in the snow. The circumstance from which the novel derives its title is absurd. No one can believe that a man, though in the dress of a Monk, could possibly live in a society of Monks, and afterwards in a large family, without some one discovering that he had only one hand; and it is still more improbable, that when his hand was found in the heroine's apartment, bloody and just cut off from the arm of a supposed midnight assassin who had escaped, that it should be carelessly thrown out of the window by an attendant.—It was extremely injudicious to provoke comparison by an imitation of Sterne's beautiful apostrophe; but we give it to our readers as the best specimen of the author's style that we can select:—

"They left the tent, and looked around; but the pale moon was alone conscious of their dark deeds; no mortal eye beheld them: but the angel, who in his sable volume marks the evil actions of mankind, started with horror as he noted down the dreadful deed of blood, and closing the eternal pages, dropped a tear; while looking forward into futurity, he saw the horrible punishments that await the murderer."

The Bristol Heiress: or, Errors of Education, a Novel, in 4 vols. By Eleanor Sleath.

The great "Error of Education" which is pointed out in these volumes, is that of instilling into young minds the necessity of looking down upon every body as beneath them, who are inferior to them in point of fortune; and of considering no matrimonial engagement as either prudent or proper, except with persons of high birth and large property.

The heroine is represented as at last marrying a wealthy nobleman of forty. So far

she has attained the object of her education; but unfortunately Nature has been at variance with her projects, for she is in love with a clergyman who marries her friend. Dissipation succeeds to disappointment, and the old Lord is obliged to lock up his young bride at a castle in Wertmorland, in order to bring her back to a sense of duty, and to correct these errors of her education. Here she is left, and her husband goes the Lord knows where. During his absence she becomes a mother: but grief, which has injured her health, now threatens her existence; and fancying herself to be near her end, she sends for a clergyman, who proves to be the young man to whom she had been attached. They recognise each other, she abjures her errors, is reconciled to her husband, *and they live very happy after.*—The story is not told with any uncommon degree of spirit, vivacity, or inserest, but the moral is good, and the style tolerable. If there is but little to praise, there is not much to censure; and upon the whole, we are more inclined to speak favourably of the work than otherwise. It is superior to many we have been obliged to read through, in the performance of our critical duties.

MEDICAL.

Pharmacopœia Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis, 1809. *Londini.*

A work of more importance than that before us, or which has been expected with more solicitude, both by men of science and by the profession or faculty of physic in this kingdom at large, has not for a long time appeared; for what can be more important than that code by which every individual, who has attached himself, in this country, to the healing art, must, by command from the highest authority, be guided? It is acknowledged, on every hand, that in spite of the vast improvements which have accrued to almost every other department of Art, from the recent and gigantic strides in chemical science, that the practice of Physic has not been proportionably benefitted.—This, had we leisure, it would not be difficult to prove an erroneous assertion. The successive labours of men of the first abilities and information have shown that improvements in the medical departments have been gradually and liberally furnished, the result of experience, of practice, of science, and of truth. If there be one profession which more than another demands the attention of its votaries, that profession must be Physic; and when the lives of our fellows are in question, we do not hesitate to praise that care which has guided the conductors of this Work throughout. The preface is a model of elegant Latinity. It is attributed to the president, Sir Lucas Pepys. He justly observes, speaking of the present improved state of Science, that "*Illa intra paucos hos annos, ita erroribus purgata et experimentis illustrata est, ita principiis novis firmioribus altioribus, undequaque stabilita, ut si in hâc unâ parte, quæ ad medicinam spectat, neglecta et rudis jaceret, id nobis merito dedicori verteretur; præcipuæ cum duæ finitimæ huic nostræ artes, chemica et botanica, hæc omnes omnium regionum herbas cum labore maximi exploraverit; illa intimam suam disciplinam in meliorem commutaverit, et linguam penitus novam loqui didicerit.*—

"*Sed ea est artis conditio, ut emendari quidem possit, absoluta reddi non possit.*"

We observe, with great satisfaction, the term *acetic* acid, agreeable to modern science. The citric acid, in its pure or crystalline state, is recommended as preferable to the juice of the fruit, which necessarily contains mucilage and other matter. We cannot see the necessity for altering the digestion of lime and water, for three hours: in the preparation of lime-water, there is no harm likely to occur from such a space being allotted to the solution.—The *antimonium calcinatum, antimonium vitrificatum, crocus antimonii,* of former Pharmacopœiæ, are here left out, or rather the term *oxydum antimonii* substituted.

Arsenici oxydum præparatum, and *liquor arsenicalis,* are preparations of arsenic—the most virulent of the metallic poisons, and which are for the first time introduced into the Pharmacopœia, though long used with success in the practice of Physic. The

object of the College has been honourable, in the introduction of this medicine, which will tend to obviate the abundant evils attendant on its use as a secret medicine.

Cuprum ammoniatum, or ammoniated copper, is here introduced for the first time also. Notwithstanding the grounds of exception which might be urged against wine as a solvent, still the convenience attending it has prevented its expulsion. Hence we find *vinum ferri*, &c. in the present Edition.

Calomelas is no longer employed. The muriate of mercury with excess of oxygen, and the ordinary muriate of mercury, are here introduced by the terms *hydrargyri oxymurias* and *hydrargyri submurias*, or corrosive sublimate and calomel. No preparation of mercury is so extensively used as the last. The preparation of *sulphate of zinc* is for the first time also ordered.—Under the head of *distilled waters, aqua carui*, or carraway water, is the only new water introduced. The *decoctum senegæ* is introduced for the first time, as being a useful medicine in affections of the lungs, attended with debility and inordinate secretion.

Under the head *extracta* are both omissions and additions. *Extractum cacuminis, genistæ, rutæ, sabinæ, cascarillæ, sennæ*, and *succus baccæ sambuci spissatus*. The following are added: *extractum aconiti, belladonnæ, aloës, colocynthides, humuli, hyosciami, opii, rhæi, sarsaparillæ*, and *taraxaci*.

Among the *tincturæ*, those of *digitalis* and of *guaiacum* are introduced for the first time. They possess all the powers of the plant in a convenient form.

The *spiritus ætheris aromaticus*, which forms a useful medicine, is again restored to its primitive rank in this Work.

Among the *pulveres*, the compound powder of crab's claws has been omitted, as having no advantage over similar preparations of lime.

Pilulæ gambogiæ compositæ are introduced for the first time, on account of their greater purgative energy. Every succeeding Pharmacopœia has diminished the number of constituents of the *pilulæ galbani compositæ*. In the present formulæ, the *opoponax* is entirely left out.

Emplastrum ammoniaci was not in the preceding Pharmacopœia. It has no smell, and adheres without irritating.

Mr. Crowther's *ceratum sabinæ* is introduced, as it does not produce the inconveniencies of common blistering cerate.

Unguentum zinci, though long used by practitioners, was not before referred to, in the London Pharmacopœia.

On the whole, there is much of science and judgment displayed throughout the whole work, and its publication will be considered as an epoch in the annals of the College.

The Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, 1809; *translated into English, with notes*, &c. *by Richard Powell, M.D.* 8vo. *pp.* 433.

This very faithful translation of the Latin 4to edition, published about the same time, will doubtless be found a valuable manual for the guidance of that order of the profession for whose especial use translations may be held as more particularly intended; and it is matter of no small praise, that the College, with the usual liberality of that learned body, have especially committed this important work, under their own superintending eye, to an eminent member of their faculty, by whom it has been suitably attired in an English costume.—"Translations have been found useful attendants on former Pharmacopœias," and this is assisted by that information, which, as presented in the form of notes, is incompatible with the brevity of the original work. "The Charter of Henry VIII, which first incorporated the College, bears date in 1519: their first Pharmacopœia was published in 1618." It has been revised about nine times since, for the purpose of accommodating Pharmacy to the progress of Science. It is thought, that as this edition is associated more with general science, the changes which time will render necessary may have a chance of being less marked and violent than those which the present and last editions have seemed to require.

CATALOGUE RAISONNE.

In the new distribution and arrangement of the objects of the present Pharmacopœia, the College acknowledges, with a becoming candour, not only the advantages which they have derived from eminent individuals who are not members of their body, but also the assistance received from the recent Pharmacopœiæ edited by the Colleges of Edinburgh and Dublin. Formulæ are introduced to a greater extent than formerly, without any intention of their superseding what must ever be left to the discrimination of the medical artist, and which is the proper province of the physician—EXTEMPORANEOUS PRESCRIPTION. "They fix a certain standard of proportion which is convenient in professional intercourse."

It is much to be regretted that there should not be a British Pharmacopœia which should, throughout the united empire, speak the same univocal language. To this *Pharmacopœia Britannica* reference might be confidently made by every practitioner, and almost without the possibility of mistake. In the arrangement here adopted, similar preparations are brought under similar heads; it is accordant with the chemical notions of the day. With respect to nomenclature, there are also adopted the improvements of the period. As far as regards plants, it was resolved to use the name only, without any addition, when the whole plant is used: when parts are taken, to designate their parts, and to incorporate both in the first column, as in 1745.

With respect however to chemical nomenclature, it is with justice said, that a language, "when it professes to describe, as well as designate, its objects, goes too far. If those employed be accurately defined and generally understood, if they be sanctioned by use, be so distinct as not to be liable to mistakes, and above all, convey no false idea of the substance they are intended to designate, such a nomenclature may be considered as perfect;" nevertheless, "in adopting the products of chemistry, the College have adopted its language."

In this edition, *conserva electuarium* and *confectio* are all consolidated under one head *Confectio*.—The practice of prescribing drops, a practice so liable to objection, is, as far as possible, in every instance deprecated. In respect to the processes, the College have felt themselves obliged to be particularly attentive. There cannot now be any reasonable excuse for deviation, since neither unnecessary trouble nor expence are created. "The *well-educated apothecary* will have no difficulty in working according to the formulæ given; and great attention has been paid, if he does so, to render the results accurate."

"The whole chapter of *trochisci* has been expunged." The various *monographs*, it is observed, by which medicines have been of late ushered before the public, would lead one to imagine that there were nearly as many specifics as there are diseases which it is the lot of man to suffer; and that by the employment of a few simple articles only, human life might be prolonged at will. We are truly happy to learn that the College have proposed to decide upon empyric remedies hereafter, by refering their especial examination and powers to a majority of a large committee nominated by themselves for the express purpose.

In this translation the text has been closely rendered, and in other respects the translator has fully acquitted himself of his useful undertaking. In the botanical department, the ordinary names are added. A translation of the genera and specific characters also, with some other particulars, have been added by the translator, in an Appendix.—The Notes contain what is important to [illegible] known in the shop of an apothecary.

A few tables are added in the Appendix, which will, we think, prove useful as references. In one of these the prosody of the terms is marked, and the two extremes of the usual doses for adults. Such a table cannot, however, inform the experienced practitioner.

The heads, under which the different departments of this Pharmacopœia are distributed, follow.

Weights and Measures—Materia Medica—Preparations and Compounds—Acids—Alcalis and their Salts—Earths and their Salts—Preparations of Sulphur—Metals and

their Salts—Vegetables Expressed—Oils—Distilled Oils—Decoctions—Infusions--Mucilages — Extracts — Mixtures — Spirits — Tinctures—Preparations of Æthers—Urines — Vinegars — Honeys — Syrups — Confections—Powders—Pills—Preparations from Animals—Plasters—Cerates—Ointments—Liniments—Cataplasms.

Analysis of the Carbonated Chalybeate lately discovered near Stow; with Observations on the Effects of Carbonic Acid and Nitrogen Gas on the Animal Economy, &c. and Extracts from the best Authorities, relative to the Use of Chalybeates; to which is subjoined a Glossary of the Technical Words necessarily made Use of in the Work. 1808.

"The annual visits (says Dr. Saunders, in his Chemical History and Medical Qualities of Mineral Waters) paid by those who are able to unbend from their regular occupations by an attendance on some watering-place, have become so general as to be almost characteristic of English customs. This change of habit (for, in fact, it is chiefly in our own times that it has become universal) is to be in a great measure attributed to the number of invalids of science and opulence who have frequented the salutary springs, and to whom we are often indebted for bringing into public notice some of the most beautiful and favoured spots of the island; for rendering mountainous countries readily accessible; introducing ease and convenience in places before unfrequented; and decorating them with the embellishments of a refined and delicate taste."

Mr. Farmer (whose ingenuity, perseverance, and industry, his own neighbourhood has long gladly acknowledged, and whose peculiar attainments, as well as turn of mind and patriotic spirit, are well known in the circle of his friends) has at length presented to the public an elaborate Analysis of the Stow Chalybeate. We should not have imagined, from the manner in which this Analysis has been conducted, that it would have been necessary for the modest author to have advanced, at the conclusion of a very pertinent preface, this paragraph—"Happy should I have been, if I could have presented a work of more value in lieu of an apology: but while I have been making the experiments, I have had to study the science; therefore may fairly claim the indulgence of one in his noviceate."

The Analysis is preceded by a description of the country surrounding the mineral spring, and it is justly praised.—An able detail of the physical and chemical properties of the water, follows—which it is not possible, with satisfaction, to abridge. The experiments of this elaborator are always ingenious, and sometimes out of the ordinary course: his observations mark a philosophical mind.

The proportion of nitrogen gas in this water, Mr. F. states as greater than that of any other yet analysed. He cannot say by what medium it is connected. The nitrogen gas of Bath, Buxton, &c. is, according to our author, much more loosely combined, as a considerable portion of it escapes at the spring head.

"The only metal that is used medicinally in any natural water, is iron; and its solvent, in by far the greater number of instances, is carbonic acid. In comparing the activity of the preparation of this metal, so valuable in every shape, I think it seems probable, that of all others, the form most efficacious is that of solution in water by means of carbonic acid." (Saunders.)—In that form it is presented in the waters of *Stow*, which well deserve the attention of invalids, whose disease pertains to those classes supposed to be relieved by preparations of iron. The comparison made in some calculation tables which have been given on this subject, as far as they go, shew us that "no two springs, of the important chalybeate class, are exactly alike;" and therefore there has been a little, though it has been but a little, variation in their effect. Experience will soon confirm or confound the observations of science, and then more confidence may be assumed. The quotations from authors of credit, when the writer found them pertinent, are fuller than might have been expected. Mr. F. has selected with judgment, and justly preferred even prolixity to muti-

lation. As to the cases, he conceives those in which the *Spa* may have been serviceable to depend, in some measure, on the energy of nitrogen gas, which is at present, as to its properties, only negatively known to chemists. He wishes to look forward to the publication of farther particulars on this head, by which time he doubts not but that the list of cases will be much increased: yet with a becoming modesty, he adds, that even then he shall notice none but such as are *voluntarily* offered; for that he would not think himself justified in publishing to the world the names of persons whose delicacy would be alive to the report of their infirmities.

On the whole, though we object to the correctness of the glossary, in some parts, at the end, we have no hesitation in recommending to practitioners an attention to this mineral spring, which must in time vie with those of Cheltenham and Tunbridge. The former place is at an easy distance, and the country in the neighbourhood of the Cotswold Hills and Stow a decided contrast with that of Cheltenham.—It is already the residence of many noblemen and gentlemen of distinguished taste and ample fortune. Among the principal, are the seats of Warren Hastings, Esq. Lord Coventry, Messrs. Chamberlain, Hippesley, Leigh, and Sir John Read.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Important Studies for the Female Sex, in Reference to Modern Manners; addressed to a Young Lady of Distinction. By Mrs. Cockle. 12mo. p.p. 297.

THE abundance of productions designed for the use of the rising generation, and the success which usually attends such productions, are honourable indications of parental solicitude, and of an earnest spirit of enquiry after the means of instruction. Of those books which contain the rudiments of knowledge, the numbers might certainly have been limited long ago. When the elementary parts of any science are judiciously simplified, all increase of system becomes worse than superfluous; it entangles the mind and distresses the recollection. Not so in those works that inculcate the moral and religious duties of society: our obligations and relations in all their gradations of sentiments, principles, and virtues, cannot be set too frequently, or in too many different points of view, before those who, with minds capable of every impression, are about to enter the busy scenes of life. The volume now published by Mrs. Cockle is, therefore, of the description of those which we wish to find occupying more than one shelf in the book-case of every young lady. It treats of *Religion* and of *Truth*; Of the *Duties* of a *Daughter* and a *Sister*; Of *Temper, Charity, Friendship* and *Attachment*; Of the *Duties* of a *Wife* and *Mother*; it ventures to draw a barrier against the prevalence of *Seduction*, not only by common arguments and common persuasions, but by a dreadful picture of its consequence; it expatiates upon *Modern Manners*, and with judicious discrimination draws a line between their absurdity and their real value; it explains the *Value and proper Use of Time*, and concludes with more than admonitions concerning *Death*; with a fearful detail of the death of an *Infidel*.

It will be seen, therefore, that every situation in which a *female of distinction* is liable to be placed has fallen under the consideration of Mrs. Cockle. On every subject there is novelty, not only of manner, but of argument. The fair authoress thinks and reasons pointedly, because she reasons from her own observations on the actual occurrences of the day. We have seldom met with a chain of thought of which every link was so clearly a real remark on life itself, as in these Essays. It is in this that their merit consists: they are applicable to every one of those diurnal occurrences which are so often passed without reflection, although in numerous instances their consequences are found to be as durable as the existence of *the soul* itself.

Were we to select any of these Essays that contain more vigour and originality than the rest, we would point out those *on Temper, on Charity*, and *on Friendship*; particularly the last. The narrative contained in the Essay on *Seduction* is pathetic; but we

wish that the catastrophe had not been made to depend on what many may term a *mere accident.* Awful as is the picture which is here set before the eye of the youthful fair, we do not think it so repulsive as it might have been. The consequences of matrimonial infidelity in woman seldom terminate in a speedy death:—infamy and misery; the cutting dereliction of her unprincipled paramour; and where there are children, (particularly daughters,) a settled disgrace hangs upon their existence, and makes them shunned as friends and mistrusted as wives. All these circumstances should, we think, have met together in the awful catastrophe of her story: nor need she have been afraid that the picture would then have seemed to have been drawn with the pencil of imagination only, since daily experience testifies that the miseries which await the deluded wife are unlimited, and that new calamities are perpetually arising from connubial falsehood.

In point of style, Mrs. Cockle's work is generally terse and elegant: grammatical inversions are rather too frequent; they sometimes relieve the monotony of expression in didactic compositions, but they are seldom graceful when they follow close upon each other. In metaphor, the fair authoress is also rather too abundant: this occasions a few errors, particularly when her metaphors are drawn from such sources as cannot easily have formed a part of her studies. Thus she talks about the light elegance of the *Ionic*, and the *firmer* proportions of the *Corinthian* order. This is excusable: but it shows how necessary it is to limit a tendency to metaphor.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Studio per il Piano Forte, consisting of Forty-two Exercises, intended to facilitate the Progress of those who study that Instrument. Composed, and the leading Fingers marked to each Passage, by J. B. Cramer, in Two Volumes.—Vol. I. Price 1l. 1s.—Vol. II. 1l. 6s.

In this masterly work Mr. J. Cramer has certainly established his pretensions to the most decided superiority over every other writer for the Piano Forte. In the course of the two volumes (each of which contains forty-two Exercises) he has evinced the most intimate knowledge of the powers of the instrument for which he was composing; the most profound science, classical taste, ingenious contrivance, united to an inventive genius of the highest order.

Almost every species of difficulty has been introduced, but under so pleasing a form, that instead of repelling and discouraging the student, (which difficulties generally do,) they stimulate him to fresh assiduity and exertion:—in the *beauty* of the different passages the *difficulty* is forgotten.—When the work was first begun, we believe Mr. Cramer had no intention of extending it to two volumes: encouraged, however, by the great success of the first volume, he ventured to add another, which, though (like most continuations or supplements) inferior to the first, is still a most admirable production.

Where there is scarcely any thing to censure, and so much to applaud, the critic's task must necessarily be short. When every movement is so excellent in its peculiar style, it is almost invidious to point out any one in particular, to the exclusion of the rest.

We cannot, however, refrain from mentioning a few of those which afforded most gratification to ourselves.

The first we shall notice, is Exercise the 7th, in which the highest notes form a sweet and soothing air, while the low notes, iterated at regular intervals, give the effect of a pedal bass. The principal difficulty in this Exercise is, the distance of the inter-

vals, and the playing those distances *smoothly*.

The 9th Exercise is one of the most pleasing in the book; it consists of a running bass, which will be found excellent practice for the left-hand; and upon this bass a melody is constructed which reminds us of the style of Correlli, particularly in the second part. It has, however, received all the refinement of Mr. Cramer's elegant taste.

Exercise 11th is quite original. There are four distinct parts, one of which is a *shake*, that is kept up throughout; first with the right, and then with the left-hand, while a very beautiful melody is at the same time performing with the other fingers that are left at liberty.

The style of the 17th Exercise is highly graceful, and somewhat resembles that of the 7th Exercise. It is perhaps one of the easiest in the whole collection.

The 25th Exercise will be found a fine practice for the left-hand, the thumb and the 4th or 3rd finger of which are held firmly down, while the other fingers are kept continually in motion.

The very abstruse key in which the 26th Exercise is written, (G sharp minor,) will render it, perhaps, one of the most difficult to *read*, although the passages are not intrinsically difficult.

The 27th is elegant and expressive.

The 29th is intended as an exercise principally for the right-hand, of which the fourth finger and thumb are used alternately with the 3rd and 1st finger, throughout the movement.

There is something uncommonly spirited and brilliant in the 37th Exercise, which is marked "Il piu prestissimo possibile."

There are eight notes in each bar, which are distributed in the following curious manner:—the right-hand plays the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 8th; and the left-hand, the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and 7th. In the 2nd part, marked *ff*, this order is exactly reversed.

The last Exercise is a very fine one, but we give the preference to the 41st. In this are four distinct parts, (each of which is a beautiful melody in itself,) and form a combination delightful in the highest degree. The subject is charming, but the manner in which it is treated so masterly and perfect, that we believe it would puzzle even Mr. Cramer himself to alter or add a note that would not be for the worse.

In the 2nd Volume, the best Exercises are the 3rd, 5th, 8th, 12th, 18th, 28th, 33rd, (this would make a beautiful diapason piece for the organ,) 39th, and 42nd. The 39th is in the uncommon time of 16 semiquavers in a measure. The key also (F sharp) is one that is very seldom used. It may easily be transposed to F natural, by playing the double sharps *sharp*, the sharps *natural*, and the naturals *flat*.

The 42nd and last Exercise is extremely curious: it consists of a succession of the most singular chords, which display, at once, taste, science, and originality. Each chord consists of four intervals, and the positions are so contrived, that each hand plays two of the intervals throughout. The whole Exercise is as fine a specimen of four-part writing as we have ever seen.

In the course of the work we occasionally meet with passages that remind us of the best authors, particularly Handel, in his masterly "Suite de Pieces pour le Clavecin," and of the inimitable Preludes of Sebastian Bach.

We do not, by this observation, mean to insinuate that there is any thing like plagiarism: on the contrary, we think it a compliment to Mr. Cramer to say, that in studying the works of the most classical authors (which he has evidently done with the greatest application and care) he has imbibed something of their style—has, with a discriminating taste, availed himself of some of their finest ideas, and made them his own, by improving and amalgamating them with his own originality. In the same way as a painter, by studying the works of the old masters, forms a classical style of his own.

We really feel a particular pleasure in the perusal of such a work as this, written, as it is, with uncommon strength of genius, corrected by the soundest judgment, and refined by the most exquisite taste.

We should not wish for a better criterion to judge of a performer's abilities, or a better

proof of his superior skill, than his competency to perform "the Studio" with precision and propriety. Upon the whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing this work to be the *chef d'œuvre* of one of the greatest musical geniuses of the age.

Safe and Sound. The Overture, and the most favorite Songs, Duetts, and Trios, selected from the above Opera, as performed at the Lyceum Theatre. Composed, and humbly Dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, by James Hook. Price 10s. 6d.

Mr. Hook has, in his younger days, produced some good melodies; but the vein of his invention appears now entirely exhausted.

Throughout the whole of this selection, (which we must, of course, conclude to be the BEST part of the Opera,) there is scarcely one original idea. The Overture is tediously long, and in style not at all superior to those we hear at Astley's, &c.

The Glee is tolerably good, but we dislike the manner in which the chord of the 2nd is introduced. In the 2nd bar of the last line, page 19, the Duett "To rove with thee" is evidently a copy of the old Duett of "O thou wert born to please me." In the 10th and 11th bars of page 29 there are two consecutive fifths between the voices.

Mr. Dowton's song "Throughout my Life," is adapted to an air that we have often heard performed by several othe military bands about town: we think it wrong, in composers of any reputation, to adapt the hackneyed airs which are to be met with in every street, for the stage; and it certainly betrays a poverty of conception and invention we did not expect to meet with, eveu in a Vauxhall composer. The two best Songs are—"The Rose that weeps,"—and "Blow cold." The former has something of the character of Scottish music. The best passage is where the A sharp is introduced in the bass, bar 8, page 22. The latter Song consists of two movements, an Andantino and a Vivace, of which the Vivace is much the best: it is playful, and expressive of the words. Mr. Hook has been particularly unsuccessful in the adaptation of the songs for Mr. Phillips. The words of the songs are below criticism.

We think there has been great indiscretion on the part of Mr. Arnold, who conducts what is called the English Opera, in provoking a comparison with the Italian Opera, unless he had endeavoured to elicit talent that might compete with its antagonist under fewer disadvantages. With all the assistance which the former is able to receive from the most eminent professors, it has to contend with prejudice, if not with a taste that is difficult to please; and however sincerely we may be disposed to wish the utmost success to our native Operas, we cannot hope they will receive the sanction of public approbation, unless abilities of a superior nature are called forth, or the abilities which have been employed are exerted with more vigour and effect. The *best* composers ought to be selected; and in the end, the managers will find this plan to be their true interest.

The Glorious Battle and Victory of Talavera, a Grand Descriptive Sonata for the Piano Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, Commander of the British Forces, by J. Blewitt. Op. 5. Price 4s.

This composition is very much upon the model of the "Battle of Prague;" indeed the ingredients or incidents of a battle must necessarily be of a similar nature, without any impeachment of the composer's originality. There are, however, some features too direct. The Cries of the Wounded, the Trumpet of Victory, God save the King, Spanish (instead of Turkish) music, and the Finale, succeed each other in precisely the same order of march in both battles. The best movement is that in page 6, marked *tremendo*, instead of *tremando*. It is spirited, and there is more science displayed than in other parts of the composition. In the bugle-horn passage, called The Rouse, the first note should be a semiquaver, and the second a dotted quaver.

In bar 8, page 4, the Fs should be marked natural, both in the bass and treble; as should also the Fs in the bass of bar 12, same page. The second treble note of bar 18,

should be A flat, instead of G flat. The 13th bass note, in bar 18, should be a G instead of B; as should also the lowest note in the succeeding bar. The first treble note, bar 4, page 5, should be B *flat*. The lowest bass note in the 3rd bar of the *Andante*, page 6, should be marked natural: the third treble note in the 5th bar of the same movement should be a D instead of E.

There is considerable character in this movement: the chord of A flat is introduced with great effect at the part marked *ff*.

The two chords in the 11th bar, page 8, should be the common chords of C. The A (being the sixth) should therefore be omitted. We should prefer a G to the F in the 2nd bar, page 11, as at present the effect of the discord of the 2nd is produced, which remains unresolved: the rest preceding which note should have been a crotchet instead of a minim rest.

As a temporary production, this has some claims to our approbation: but Mr. Blewitt cannot expect to rear a very high reputation upon so narrow a foundation.

The House that Jack Built, with appropriate Introductions; the Music entirely new, by an Eminent Composer. Price 1s. 6d.

The words of this jeu d'esprit first appeared as a placard at the New Theatre, Covent Garden; from thence they found their way into the newspapers, and are now exalted to the dignity of a song. They are set to music with considerable ingenuity and humour.

But we cannot discover the introductions. There are symphonies introduced between every line, and "rather too much of this;" particularly in the first page. "*The Cat engaged to squall*" is conceived and expressed with great humour, by a long squalling note, A. At the words "*John Bull with his Bugle-Horn,*" a symphony in imitation of that instrument, is very judiciously introduced; but the repetition in the minor betrays a want of judgment which we should not have expected from an EMINENT COMPOSER, as the *minor* third cannot be produced upon the bugle-horn. Upon the whole, this is a clever Song, and we suspect that it was not on account of its deficiency as a composition that the writer has not favoured the public with his name, for it would not discredit any composer we know. Perhaps the peculiarity of the subject, just at this moment, may have occasioned this unusual circumstance. We have, however, no doubt of its being a favourite with the public.

Five Waltzes and a Quick Step, for the Piano Forte, by A. Bromley. Price 1s. 6d.

These are the first essay of a young composer, a circumstance which always disarms the severity of criticism. The Waltzes are written in 6-8 time instead of 3-8. The master who instructed this young lady should have made her acquainted with this.

The first is certainly the best, and is not altogether without merit. Several parts in the bass, particularly in the Quick Step, might be altered for the better. We shall, however, be glad to review the works of this young composer when her powers are more matured.

Farewell, Harry; a Ballad, WRITTEN *and composed by Dr. Joseph Kemp. Cambridge.*—(From the Vocal Magazine.)

THE music of this ballad is good; we object, however, to the E natural being introduced in the chord at the words "Farewell, Harry." It has the effect of consecutive octaves with the bass. The chord would not only be more satisfactory to the ear, but more elegant, if the E natural were omitted. In the last bar, we should prefer D and B instead of B and D. We dislike the effect produced by the voice terminating upon the third of the key: it sounds as if the song were unfinished.

The latter part is not of a length proportionate with the former. In the first there are eight bars, in the last only six.

Upon the whole, it is certainly an elegant little ballad. We think, however, that there must be some mistake in the title, which describes it as WRITTEN and composed by Dr. Joseph Kemp. The two first verses are as follow:

Gentle youth, I'll ne'er forget thee,
Absence shall but teach my heart
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Gentle, worthy as thou art.
Farewell, Harry.

Yes, oh! yes, again we'll meet, Love,
Fate the happy die has cast;
Surely then 'twill be most sweet, Love;
Joys before us, sorrows past.

These words appear to us a *very simple* alteration of Anacreon Moore's Ballad of "Farewell, Bessy."—That our readers may form their own opinion, we subjoin the verses to which we allude.

Sweetest Love, I'll not forget thee;
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle, as thou art.
Farewell, Bessy,
We may meet again.

Yes, oh! yes, again we'll meet, Love,
And repose our hearts at last;
Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet, Love,
Calm to think on sorrows past.
Farewell, Bessy,
We may meet again.

If these words *were written* by Dr. Kemp, we can only express our surprize at the astonishing coincidence of thought and expression.

Lockinvar, Lady Heron's Ballad, from Marmion. By Walter Scott, Esq.—Composed by Augustus Voigt. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

This is the fourth arrangement of these words which, in the course of our critical labours, we have had occasion to notice. —The first was by Mr. Attwood, which we considered as trifling. The second by Mr. Whitaker, to which, upon the whole, we gave a preference, although we were better pleased with Mr. Attwood's arrangement, which united two stanzas, and thereby diminished the length. The third was by Mr. Mazzinghi, who had entitled his arrangement a Glee. To this we objected, for the reasons given in our cr[illegible] compared with the preceeding com[illegible] of Messrs. A. and W., we were incline[illegible] prefer; and that decision was formed upon this ground, that Mr. M. had thrown more variety into his arrangement, by distributing the several stanzas among different voices. In respect to the modulation of either, we shall merely state, that the modulation of Mr. A. is to the 5th and 2d of the key—Mr. W.'s to the 5th and 4th of the key—Mr. M.'s to the 5th and 6th. So far, therefore, they are equal.—We certainly did not attach any great degree of merit to either of the compositions, and our preference of Mr. M.'s was merely upon comparing it with the others.

We have been more particular in thus restating our opinions, because they are said (not proved) to be injudicious. A candid and liberal objection to, or even an acute examination of, our opinions, we shall always receive with pleasure: "*we had rather be esteemed men of candour* than the best *critics in the world*;" and after saying this, we shall leave our respective opinions to the judgement of the musical world. But there are attached to these observations upon our critique some insinuations that we should have noticed at an earlier period, but that, owing to the little celebrity attached to the work in which they appeared, it is not wonderful that neither ourselves, or any of our musical friends, had chanced to meet with them; so that if a circumstance connected with Mr. Hawkes's reply to some letters which appeared in the Royal Musical Magazine had not brought us acquainted with that publication, we should have been almost ignorant of its existence. The expressions to which we allude are the following:

[An injudicious Critique, which has lately appeared in a Magazine *sold by the sole publishers of Mr. Mazzinghi's Music*, levelled against the compositions of gentlemen,] &c.

If this be any thing more than a peevish, unmeaning sneer, it is intended to convey the insinuation, that as Messrs. Golding and Co. are the sole publishers of Mr. Mazzinghi's music, (which we now learn for the first

... sell *Le Beau Monde*, ... writers of the musical criticisms ...scend to praise Mr. M.'s compositions, in order to serve Golding and Co. This imputes to us a degree of meanness and duplicity which no man of candour would, without some ground, impute to persons with whom he is unacquainted, unless upon a retrospect of his own conduct, or upon consulting his own bosom, he had been satisfied that such conduct was possible and likel. If this writer had condescended to have read over all the respectable names who sell this work, he would have found Messrs. Button and Whitaker among the number. What becomes of the accusation now?

"[If the compositions of Mr. A. and Mr. W. on the same subject had not been depreciated,] &c.

As to this paragraph, we appeal to the musical world if we have, in any instance, *depreciated* the compositions of Mr. A. or Mr. W.? and, to correct this mis-statement, we refer the insinuator to our several critiques upon the works of these gentlemen. To depreciate, we apprehend, means to estimate *below the real value*. There is not a single critique (upon Mr. W.'s compositions particularly) that does not contradict this insinuation.

"*Where shall the Lover rest?*—This is a delightful little melody, and the style is truly classical. The transition from the relative minor to the major, in the 8th bar, although very beautiful, too closely resembles part of the choral in Cramer's duett (Cramer and Mrs. Billington.) The effect of the four voices stealing in and harmonizing the last phrase of the melody, is new and beautiful. The accompaniment is put with the hand of a master, particularly to the third verse. As the words are long, Mr. Attwood has judiciously introduced a tenor line in the last verse, and he has prevented it from becoming monotonous by making it a duett. We have seen these words set by others, but none have pleased us so well as this; it does great credit both to Mr. A.'s taste and science." Vol. I. page 144.

"*Love and the Æolian Harp*,]—We conceive Mr. Whitaker to be one of the best native melodists of the present day, his style is his own. We are surprised that he has never undertaken an English Opera. The symphony to this song is perfectly original. The principal idea consists of an imitation of the Æolian harp, by means of the open pedal of the piano forte. There is great freedom about the air itself, and the harmonies with which it is accompanied display the hand of a master." Vol. I. p. 41.

Were these observations written by a person desirous of *depreciating* these respectable composers?

Again. [Were we not boldly to defend the cause of the *injured*, and *discountenance* any thing like "art practised under the rose," our work would be undeserving,] &c.

As to this paragraph, what does the writer mean by *defending the injured?*—Do Mess. Attwood or Whitaker consider themselves injured? If they do, *Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis.*—But they are too liberal. —Our pages are open to any fair and gentlemanly objections to what we write.

But what we have the most reason to complain of is, the insinuation of "Art practised under the rose."

Does the writer of this paragraph pretend to be acquainted with the persons against whom he has pointed this insinuation? If he is, we ask, what transaction of their lives warrants him in supposing them capable of practising *art under the rose?*—If he were acquainted with them, he would know they were incapable of such a conduct. If he do not know them, what right has he to impute motives, and to print *insinuations*, at once FALSE, ILLIBERAL, and UNGENTLEMANLIKE?—If the writer of the observations to which we allude will call upon the Editor of *Le Beau Monde*, he may see how much has been expunged from a letter addressed to one of the writers (we believe the Editor) of *The Musical Magazine*, merely because it was of a personal nature, although the name of the author was placed in the front of it; and if he be not made of incorrigible materials, he will learn the difference between a liberal maintenance of decided opinion upon matters of taste and

science, and the calumnious propagation of contemptible insinuations.

We think the arrangement of Mr. Voigt inferior to those of Messrs. A. W. and M. except in one passage, to which we give the preference; where the words "So faithful in Love, so dauntless in War" occur. The defect which in other compositions we have pointed out, Mr. V. has had the good sense to avoid. We almost conceive ourselves entitled to some share of the merit attached to this improvement, from having pointed out the propriety of it in our former critiques.—The direction at the beginning is Brio, instead of Con Brio; but we think there must be some mistake, as the direction under the first bars is *piano, ma non troppo,* which would be saying, NOISY-SOFT, *but not too soft.*

As I wandered One Morn; a favourite Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte. Composed by Mr. Ross, of Aberdeen.

WE could name many songs from the pen of Mr. Ross that we like better than this. The introduction of the discord in the fifth bar of the symphony is too abrupt, and to our ears produced a disagreeable, harsh effect. In the first bar of the song there is a G in the accompaniment which is not resolved. The symphony at the end of the first strain is discordant. In the sixth bar, page 4, the chord of the 6-5 is resolved improperly. The G should descend to the F sharp instead of ascending to A.

A much-admired new Pollacca, for the Piano Forte. Composed by M. Holst. Price 1s. 6d.

THE only point which entitles this composition to be styled a Pollacca, or wherein it resembles a Pollacca, is the having 3-4 placed at the beginning. This is the time in which this species of composition is usually written. The 2nd and 4th pages are nearly transcripts of the first, and the remaining page differs from the others without being any better. We are sorry to observe the name of a respectable publisher to this work. It is a mere waste of paper, ink, and time, to print such compositions.—We were, perhaps, more sensibly disappointed, from the circumstance of a German being announced as the writer.

No. 3. *Graziosetta Aria & Pastorella, for the Flute and Piano Forte, composed by Henry Hill. Price 3s.*

This is written in a familiar, unassuming style. The subject of the Aria is the trio in Rosina, *When the Rosy Morn,* and is well managed. Although the flute part be easier in this movement than in the others it has a brilliant and shewy effect. The pastorale is simple and characteristic, and the whole piece is an useful and pleasing exercise for both instruments.

Beside the Green Willow; a favourite Ballad, written by Mr. Rannie. Composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, and most respectfully inscribed to Mr. Burton, by J. Whitaker. Price 1s.

Mr. W. does not appear to have taken his usual pains in the adaptation of these words. There is but little beauty in the melody, and not much ingenuity in the accompaniment. The utmost praise we can bestow is to characterize it as respectable.

Offspring fair of Love divine, a Canzonett, sung by Mr. Bourk, at the Bath Concerts. Composed, and inscribed to his Friend W. Russell, by J. Whitaker.—p. 1s. 6d.

In the last composition we found Mr. Whitaker nodding, *(aliquando dormitat Homerus,)* but in this he appears like a "*giant refreshed.*" Indeed this is so much superior, that we should scarcely have conceived them to be the "offspring" of the same pen. The medley is graceful and expressive. The return from the relative minor to the original key, at the words "gazing still," is particularly good. The accompaniment to the words "Yielding pleasure till I die," is excellent, and the introduction of the D flat discovers a taste at once elegant and classical. After what we have said in the preceding pages, with respect to the English Operas performed at the Lyceum

this season, we shall perhaps be excused for again expressing our regret that Mr. Whitaker has not undertaken the task of composing one.

Long time I've courted you, Miss; the celebrated Comic Duett sung by Mr. Dignum and Mrs. Bland, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, by J. Blewitt.

We believe this is one of the Vauxhall Duetts: there is nothing we think particularly beautiful, or original, in the subject, that should have induced Mr. Blewitt to select it for the exercise of his abilities; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that he should have aimed at nothing beyond the same mediocrity of style in the arrangement.

Vocal Harmony; being a Collection of Glees, Madrigals, Elegies, Quartetts, Canzonets, &c. compiled from the Compositions of the best Authors, Ancient and Modern; including the Prize Glees, from 1763 to 1794; with a Variety of new Pieces, written expressly for this Work by the most esteemed Composers. In six Volumes, Price 1l. 1s. Volume 3.

The present volume consists of the following Glees:—

Let happy Lovers
Nought but the present,
Come, gentle Zephyr,
When Winds breathe soft,
We'll drink; and never,
Now I'm prepar'd,
Thrice happy they,
Blest pair of Syrens,
You gave me your Heart,
While fools their Time,
Once upon my cheek,
Return, blest Days,
O, whiter than the Swan,
The mighty Wolf,
Rise, my Joy,
Adieu, ye streams,
Thy Voice, O Harmony,
The mighty Conqueror.

This is the most tasteful and splendid work that has been submitted to our observation; and we are not acquainted with any musical publication, either in this country or upon the Continent, that can at all compete with it in beauty or elegance.

It has not been our practice to comment upon the type, paper, or price of a work; these things rather belong to the trade than the critic: but without interfering in a province that does not belong to us, we may be permitted to express our decided approbation of them. A reference to the table of contents, which we have given, will satisfy all those who are at all conversant with this style of music, that the selection of old Glees will scarcely admit of an alteration for the better. They are from among the best that ever were written. The six new Glees are by Dr. Callcott, Webbe, Horsley, and King. Of these we prefer "Come gentle Zephyr," by Horsley: it is writtten in a flowing, graceful style, and the manner in which the different parts are combined evinces the great skill of the composer, and his perfect knowledge of counterpoint. One of the most beautiful passages is where the upper voices *hold on* the harmony, whilst the bass undulates in the most graceful and expressive manner "in plaintive murmurs."

The three-part Glee, "Oh, whiter than the Swan," composed by Mr. P. King, is very superior to his usual compositions. The specimen of single augmentation between the second treble and bass, at the words "Come when my Sheep at Night return," is a feature of science beyond Mr. King's ordinary exertions. It is happily introduced, and we think it might have been pursued with advantage. The stacato mark at the words "Stop," is characteristic and ingenious. There is great confusion in the arrangement, beginning at the repetition of the words—"Come, Galatea, come;"—they follow thus—"Come, Galatea, come, Their murmurs make, The seas forsake, their murmurs make, What pleasure can the Tides, with their hoarse murmurs, make?" This arrangement certainly *makes* intolerable nonsense of the passage: it might have been very easily avoided. At present the sense is sacrificed to the sound. The best movement is the last, which is a *pastorale*; particularly the passage beginning at the 9th bar,

p. 288. The conclusion likewise cannot fail of producing an excellent effect, if proper attention be paid to the *diminuendo* and *pianos*.

The succeeding Glee, by the same composer, we do not think so highly of, and therefore we the more readily excuse the shortness of it. The part beginning at the eighth bar, page 192, is similar to one in the glee of The Witches. It would be hard to deny a composer the privilege of borrowing from himself.

The New Glee, by Mr. Webbe, "Nought but the present Moment," loses by a comparison with its neighbour, "When Winds breathe soft," which is perhaps one of the finest Glees ever composed. In the New Glee there is introduced an excellent subject, p. 218, at the words "Fate that despises." It is bold and energetic, but is unaccountably lost sight of almost immediately.

When we recollect the melancholy situation of the author of the Glee, "Once upon my Cheek," it is with considerable regret, not unmingled with delicacy, that we arraign this production at the bar of criticism; and we are sorry we cannot, without compromising our judgment, bestow upon it our unqualified approbation. Out of respect, therefore, to the feelings of his friends, we shall merely announce this Glee, and hope that the masterly Glee of "O snatch me swift," from the pen of Dr. Callcott, will form part of this judicious selection.

Upon the whole, we recommend this Volume as containing the best collection of Glees that we are acquainted with; uniting science with splendour, taste with accuracy, and excellence with elegance; and we sincerely hope, that the pains and expence which the respectable publishers have been at, will be amply remunerated by a liberal and enlightened public.

We had not received the First and Second Volumes when this critique was written, but an account of them will appear in our next.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Sir,

You will oblige me by inserting in your elegant and scientific Work the following answer to X. Y. Z. with a few observations upon his critique on my improvement of the Musical Scale for the organ and piano forte, which appeared in a musical magazine.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

William Hawkes.

"Mr. Hawkes begs it to be understood, that if any attempt be made to pirate his improvement of the Musical Scale for the organ or piano forte, or to infringe upon his patent, he will most certainly bring it before a proper tribunal. The conductors of a periodical publication, though dignified with the title of *musical*, are not, in all cases, competent judges of the validity of a patent-right; and this happens to be one of those cases in which the person alluded to is neither entitled, by his abilities or scientific knowledge, to assume such a power.

"Mr. Hawkes having examined Mr. Loeschman's specifications, is now certain that his improvement of the Musical Scale for the piano forte is the same as that for which Mr. Hawkes has a patent, (excepting the six pedals;) Mr. Loeschman having adopted *two strings, unisons*, to each tone of his scale. This improvement, by means of six pedals, is extended in sharps to C double sharp, and in flats to B double flat. Mr. H.'s is extended to A sharp in sharps, and to G flat in flats; and are all acted upon by one pedal only, the employment of which is practicable to the most awkward performer. Whereas Mr. Loeschman's scale of six additional tones in sharps, and six in flats, are acted upon by six pedals which must be brought on and took off occasionally, by the feet playing upon them, if the performer's head, by the momentary glance of the eye, can (in time) give the hint to the feet, so as to enable them to co-opperate with that unaccountable rapidity which is absolutely necessary for the execution of music, in extended and sudden modulation. This Mr. Hawkes thinks not attainable by the as-

siduous practice of the most excellent performer, on so complicated an instrument as Mr. Loeschman's; for multiplied pedals or keys must render any improvement useless and nugatory; and that such complex instruments never can be brought into general use is the opinion of all the musicians Mr. Hawkes has conversed with upon the subject. The frivolous and absurd comparisons adduced by X. Y. Z. between Mr. Hawkes's patent, and the Foundling and the Temple organs, are so truly out of point, and so remote from the question, that Mr. Hawkes will content himself with asserting the direct contrary to X. Y. Z.'s opinion, when he states, that Mr. Hawkes's improvement is similar to either of them, or indeed any other that has been constructed before; and Mr. Hawkes insists that the five tones which he has added to the old scale have never been used and applied in the same manner; viz. brought on, and took off, all at once, by the action of one pedal only; by which method a sharp or a flat scale is instantly produced, and can be executed upon with the same facility as an instrument with the old scale. This has been considered by many of the most eminent professors to be an important acquisition to the musical world. With respect to the observation made by X. Y. Z. on Mr. Hawkes's temperament, he thinks it would be wasting time to enter upon it, as he is well convinced his anonymous opponents, or rather opponent, is ignorant of the theoretic part of music; and Mr. Hawkes questions much whether he knows the *reason why* any temperament was at all thought indispensable by theorists. Be that as it may, it will be time enough for Mr. Hawkes to enter upon a disquisition as to the abstruse part of music, when the anonymous writers, or writer, J. P. and X. Y. Z. can produce the numerical ratio or difference between C natural and A quadruple sharp, termed by theorists a residual: or, if that should be too difficult a task, let him try the schisma or difference in numbers between E sharp and F natural; then Mr. H. will be glad to talk with him about double sharps and double flats to any extent he may be disposed to divert himself with. X. Y. Z's assertion that Mr. S. Wesley wrote to Mr. Hawkes at Newport in Shropshire, to inform him that Mr. Loeschman had pirated or infringed upon his patent, *is not true*."

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

The domestic occurrences which have taken place, since our last Summary, have been few but interesting, and the future historian will probably enlarge upon the events to which they will give birth. Among the most important are those which have led to a change in the administration, and the negotiations with Lords Grenville and Grey—The conduct of Mr. Canning, which terminated in a duel between that gentleman and Lord Castlereagh—The charges brought against Mr. Canning by his Lordship, and the unsatisfactory answers which the latter has thought fit to give to these charges—The appointment of Mr. Perceval to the situation of First Lord of the Treasury, a situation arduous, if not dangerous, at all times, but more particularly so in the present awful and imminent crisis in which the country is placed.—Upon all these events we shall enlarge in our succeeding Number, when the circumstances in which they originated, and the consequences to which they lead, may be developed with greater certainty and success.

Foreign affairs too appear very likely to quit the languid current in which they have rolled for the last month; and our readers may prepare their minds for intelligence of more importance and interest than we have lately received from the continent.

Respecting the peace between Austria

and France little doubt seems to be entertained; and it will soon be obvious whether Buonaparte will permit us so hold possession of Walcheren as a focus for the discontented in Holland, and as the nucleus of some new attempt upon Antwerp.

Something more satisfactory, too, it will probably then be in our power to state respecting our army in Spain, or rather Portugal, and our relations with America will most likely either be resumed or terminated before the expiration of another month.— We turn with greater pleasure to record the loyal and ardent feelings of a grateful country to a beloved Sovereign, upon the occasion of his entering upon the 50th year of his reign.

The day was announced at the earliest dawn by the ringing of bells and by the discharge of cannon from the wharfs and the banks of the Thames, and the vessels in the river, which were gaily decorated for the occasion with the flags of the different nations that are yet permitted to crowd our ports. The morning opened with a splendour and mildness that almost bespoke the return of summer. Devotion found, in the beauty of the day, an additional theme for gratitude to the bountiful Dispenser of all things. It was hailed by all ranks of people with fervour and enthusiasm. Upon no preceding occasion were such immense throngs of people seen pouring forth in all directions; sounds and acclamations of joy and happiness exultingly burst forth, and the Jubilee of George the Third was evidently a festival of the heart.

What a subject of joy and happiness for the contemplation of every Britain!—What an assurance to the declining years of the Royal object, of his people's admiration and love! But the happiness of the people was not confined to mere expressions. Their gratitude was not circumrscribed bythe mere forms of devotion. In their gratitude to Heaven for the mercy extended to their Sovereign, they determined that all their fellow-creatures should partake of the happy occasion.—The hungry were fed, the naked clothed, the prisoner and captive released, the misguided forgiven, and the tear of the widow and orphan wiped away. Thousands of our fellow-creatures have been released, and thousands relieved in the moment of their greatest distress. The wretched and the afflicted have been made to sing for joy. It was the Jubilee of the heart—It was the Jubilee of our beloved King—the Jubilee of his people. The character of the Monarch was drawn by the faithful witnesses of his virtues, and the best affections and charities of human nature are called forth by the people as the noblest proof they can give of what the Monarch delights in.

After a reign of near half a century, the people rose with one accord, and as it were with one voice, and desired, with prayer and with praise, with thanks and rejoicings, with deeds of benevolence and charity toward their fellow-subjects, to express their gratitude to God for having given them so good a King, and for having so long extended the period of his life and reign. It is almost fifty years since his Majesty declared to his people, that "born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton; and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of people whose loyalty and warm affections to me I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne."

The illuminations, which were general in all the principal streets, were particularly magnificent in the city. The pillars of the portico of the Mansion-house were encircled with lamps, and the interstices decorated with golden vases and bouquets of oak, thistle, shamrock, &c. intermixed with flowers. In the centre was a large tablet, with an illuminated inscription, "Long may he reign;" over which was the crown, &c. —The Royal Exchange, the Bank, and the surrounding buildings, presented a most dazzling lustre—Lloyd's, on the north front of the Royal Exchange, was particularly appropriate and magnificent. In the centre, opposite Bartholomew-Lane, was the representation of the stern of a ship in full sail, 40 feet high from the keel to the maintop, with a pendant flying.—The south front of the Royal Exchange, the Bank, the India House, the Post-Office, City of Lon-

don Tavern, and Albion, Hope, Eagle, Atlas, Globe, and other Insurance Offices, as well as many other public and private buildings, were decorated with unparalleled splendour.—The houses of many tradesmen in Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Paul's Church-Yard, Ludgate-Hill, Fleet-street, and the adjoining avenues, were adorned with all that respect and taste could devise.

West of Temple-Bar, the eye was frequently arrested by delightful specimens of loyalty and splendour.—Somerset-house, the Admiralty, and the Horse-Guards, were brilliant indeed.—In the Straad and its vicinity the transparencies were numerous and appropriate. Messrs. Morgan and Sanders covered the whole front of their house in Catherine-Street with emblematical groups and variegated lamps.—Northumberland-house exhibited a perfect blaze of flambeaux. —Charing-Cross, Cockspur-street, the Hay-market, Pall-Mall, and St. James's-street, presented many excellent transparencies and illuminations. In the two latter streets, the various Fire-Offices, Subscription-Houses, and public institutions, vied with each other in manifesting their liberality and their zeal. In Piccadilly and Bond-street were some beautiful designs. In the latter, a transparency, at Mr. Orme's, represented the Protecting Angel interposing before Time, and displaying our venerable monarch and his august family: the scene taken from Westminster-Hall, with the addition of the trophied banners of France, Spain, Russia, and Holland. This was one of the most tasteful and elegant transparencies we observed, and was much admired.—Oxford-street and its vicinity were but partially illuminated, and afforded no particular resting-place for the eye.

The Opera-House was brilliant, and was an exact contrast to its theatrical neighbour. The Lyceum, Astley's, and the Circus (particularly the latter) displayed a considerable degree of taste.—The exterior of Covent-Garden Theatre was handsomely illuminated. We regret to learn, however, that its *interior* presented a sad continuation of the consequences of managerial inflexibility to the public wish. How long this scene, so disgraceful to the British metropolis, and so distressing to the lovers of the Drama—this contest betwixt parsimony and liberality—is to continue, we trust will soon be decided.

From the eminences round London the scene is represented to have been truly magnificent. The hills, at night, exhibited immense bonfires, which were distinctly seen for many miles. The towns and villages on the shores of the Thames participated in the festivities of the Jubilee, by splendid fetes and entertainments of various kinds. The poor, both in the metropolis and in every part of the country, experienced the happy effects of this celebration, by large supplies of comfort; and every heart that was susceptible of *proper* feeling seemed to beat high with joy.

What renders the loyal demonstrations on this occasion the more remarkable is, that they were not only not commanded or invited, but even, in many instances, forbidden and deprecated: but the effusions of a happy and loyal people cannot be restrained; and though illuminations were deprecated by several, never was any illumination so brilliant. Not only all the principal streets, but every lane and alley in the capital, exhibited a general blaze of joy on the occasion; and we may with safety assert, that so much happiness was never before so universally manifested in this or any other country.

The ringing of bells, and firing of guns, continued the whole day. At one o'clock a grand salute of fifty guns was fired from the Park and Tower.

The streets were crowded till a very late hour, by persons of every class; and notwithstanding the confusion which necessarily results from such scenes, we do not hear of any material accidents.

At Windsor, the festivities were of the most splendid and hospitable description. The Royal Family witnessed the various scenes with the highest satisfaction. Their countenances acknowledged the interest which was excited in their bosoms by such universal demonstration of regard for the Father of his People.

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS.

MISS BOLTON.

THE subject of these short memoirs is the eldest daughter of highly respectable parents. Her father is the brother of the late Mr. Bolton, an eminent Chancery draftsman of great promise, knowledge, and parts. Mr. Bolton himself was a respectable attorney, but has discontinued practice for some years. He married Miss Rambin, daughter of an eminent physician, by whom he has Miss Bolton and four other children. Misss B. was born on the 19th of January, 1790.—She received an excellent education, and was intended by her parents to sing at concerts, and teach music; for which purpose she was early initiated in that delightful science under Messrs. Lanza, senior and jun. Her first introduction to the public was in the winter of 1805, at the Hanover-square Concerts, where having been heard by Mr. Harris, he lost no time in endeavouring to induce her to join his *corps operatique*. So little disposition, however, was discovered for the stage, either by Miss B. or her friends, that Mr. Harris was not able to succeed: but the persevering attentions of Mr. Ware, leader of the Covent Garden band, prevailed upon her to make trial of her voice, one morning, at the theatre. Fascinated, perhaps, by the effects which it produced upon her young mind, and not without some portion of that self-esteem, which, after all, is perhaps the most powerful incentive to exertion, and which Mr. Harris, who was present, did not fail to encourage, she was at length prevailed upon, and accordingly she made her first appearance at Covent Garden in the month of October 1806. At the early period of little more than fifteen years of age, and having been only twice at any theatrical performance, she made her debut in the character of Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*. She was received with the most flattering attention, and her performance honoured with the most decided applauses. She continued to lead this Opera, for fourteen nights successively, to very crowded houses. Her figure, without being beautiful, is extremely interesting; her features, though not regular, are pretty; and her whole manner displays an air of modesty and gentleness united with elegance and fashion. That she had much to learn in the management of her person upon the stage, is neither extraordinary nor to be wondered at. Practice she was ignorant of, and even opportunities of observation had been denied her. But, perhaps, the greatest fault at this time obvious, was a deficient articulation. But, upon the whole, she certainly acted well, and sang better.—She was deservedly encored in "*Oh, ponder well,*" "*Were I placed on Greenland's Coast,*" and "*How now, Madam Flirt.*" Soon after, the Farce of *Lock and Key* was revived, for the purpose of introducing her in the character of Laura. This is but a trifling part: she however acquitted herself most respectably, and gave it all the interest of which it is susceptible. Her singing was powerfully aided by her interesting manner and figure. She was soon brought forward as "the pretty Ophelia," and admirably, indeed, we remember, did she support the part; but the impression upon our minds was, that she was the *interesting* rather than the "*pretty Ophelia.*" Her performance was simple, and unaffected; no ridiculous inflations, no affected simperings, disgraced her performance of that character.

In the mad scene she was interesting, from the graceful wildness and *naïvetté* with which she arrested the feelings of the audience. Her style of giving the songs was peculiarly simple and elegant, and free from that frippery and ornament with which these sweet and interesting melodies are sometimes given by performers of less taste; the latest acquisition of which, whether in

music or any of the arts, is *absence of effort*.—The opinion of the town, as to the merits of this young performer, was strongly marked, when her benefit, which was late in the season, took place. The house was full to an overflowing. In addition to the other entertainments, Miss Bolton performed a *Scena* called *Eloisa*, which she sung with great sweetness and taste. It gave her an opportunity of exhibiting those rich tenor tones in which she is almost without a rival. The interesting softness and delicacy of manner with which she increased the powerful effect of her voice, left an indescribable impression upon the feelings of an enraptured audience, and the curtain fell amidst their loud and reiterated applause.—In short, so completely were the public and the managers satisfied, that one of the latter was known to declare, that her engagement for three years was fully reimbursed in eight nights of her performance. Miss Bolton played more than twenty principal characters this year, a circumstance, we believe, connected with her youth and inexperience, unparalleled in the annals of the theatre. Miss Bolton's engagement was for three years, with an increasing salary, but the manager had reserved a right of putting an end to it at the expiration of the year, if Miss Bolton *did not succeed*, according to a fair and liberal construction of that expression. What we have related would seem to leave no room for two interpretations of the agreement: it will therefore be easier to imagine than desbribe the emotions with which, a short time previous to the theatre opening the next season, she received an intimation that her services would be dispensed with; and still more, when upon an explanation she was informed "*that she had not succeeded*;" and the fact really is, that she was not reinstated in the Covent Garden Theatre till she had acquiesced in a reduction of *two pounds per week* in her salary, instead of the increase stipulated. The cause of all this soon appeared. The managers had engaged Mrs. Dickons to perform the characters which Miss Bolton had sustained with so much credit to herself. Of the justice of this behaviour on the part of the managers, those will be able to judge who witnessed Miss Bolton's performance; but those who have been accustomed to the conduct of the managers will not perhaps be surprised.—Polly and Ophelia were given to Mrs. Dickons, but the comparison reflects no discredit upon Miss Bolton: on the contrary, she rises in our estimation. In Lady Grace, too, she is without a rival. This character is an epitome of her private life—elegant, amiable, and modest. It precedes her wherever she goes, and adds a lustre to the propriety of her public conduct, which so many who "*play higher characters*" certainly want. The effect resulting from this correct and amiable deportment is fully evinced in the degree of estimation and in the degree of attention paid her at Liverpool and Manchester, the only provincial theatres at which she has yet performed. At these places her return is greeted with applause bordering upon enthusiasm, and many respectable families distinguish her exemplary conduct by the most polite and friendly attentions. At these theatres she takes Mrs. Charles Kemble's principal characters; and her Caroline, in the *Prize*, is a finished piece of acting, without the alloy of imitation.

Her voice is a sweet, sonorous and flexible mezzo soprano. Her style is similar to that of Grassini. Her science is *perhaps* greater than her taste. We say perhaps, for we are not certain that her taste is not superior to our judgment.

Fame has attributed to Miss Bolton many admirers: this was to be expected, as the natural consequence of irreproachable conduct in a delicate and interesting female; and we can vouch for the truth of an anecdote, at present but imperfectly known.

A young nobleman, of elegant accomplishments, and, what is more important, of unexceptionable conduct, made her an offer of his hand; which she declined receiving, without the approbation of his family. Independent in her mind and circumstances, she would not clandestinely sneak into a family that could think themselves dishonoured by the alliance.

[*The Memoir of Mr. Cooke in our next.*]

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT,

We find by the various Agricultural Monthly Reports published since our last Number, that the observations we made were perfectly correct. Since then, the latter part of the harvest has been finished, during a continuance of precarious and tedious husbandry. In Kent, the produce of the Wheat-crop has not only fallen short, but is greatly affected by the smut, and the samples handle cold; the result of too early housing. From Lancashire the accounts have been disastrous; for the farmers in that district being very backward in their harvest, were subjected to the damage arising from the constant showers which daily and more particularly fell in that county. At the latter end of September there were not more than two-thirds of the crops in Lancashire got up, and those in bad order. In the East Riding of Yorkshire the harvest has been later and longer than has been known for a considerable time. In Lancashire, all grain is tied up in sheaves, which, in a wet season, are consequently liable to much injury from a continuance of the damp imbibed. But in Yorkshire, even the Wheat is mown, as well as other grain, by which process it soon becomes dry, and less liable to sprout. In Wiltshire, the farmers, by great exertions, finished getting in their Wheats in very good order. In Essex, the same remark is applicable. In Warwickshire, the latter harvest was hurried, and badly got together, much injuring the sample. In Suffolk, the accounts are more favourable of the quality and quantity. In Mid Lothian the Wheat-crop is very thin, being scarcely three-fourths of last year's produce. In East Lothian, although the complaints are not so great of the quantity, still there is much to say against the quality. In Norfolk there was at least one-third of the Wheat-crop abroad very late, and that was much hurt. In many other districts, the same circumstances occurring, and in the fens so little being grown, in consequence of the floods last winter, and the quantity of this grain wanted immediately for seed, with very little old remaining in the hands of the growers, the price rapidly advanced: but larger supplies having since come to hand, and, on the whole, better in quality than at one time was apprehended, the markets have fluctuated, and now remain lower.—Barleys have obtained higher prices, bright samples of superior quality being scarce, and eagerly bought at market. In Kent, where, next to Wheat, Barley is the staple produce of the country, the quality is good; but the crop has been extremely partial, unexpectedly falling off after making a flourishing appearance. In Sussex, on some cold lands, this crop was abroad very late; and so it was in Norfolk. In Lincolnshire likewise, the same remark is to be made on the High Wold Farms, in a mountainous situation; and in Yorkshire also, it was very late harvested. In Wiltshire the barleys were housed in much better order, except where the luxuriance of the clovers occasioned their long lying on the ground. In Essex the crop is very light. In Suffolk it was better, and well got up, with a few exceptions. In Mid Lothian the produce is but tolerable. In East Lothian, it may be stated an average produce. In short, the last crop, fit for good malting, has been much in demand.—Oats, in many instances, have appeared very discoloured; but the crop, on an average, is good, and the quality better than that of Barley.—A few Peas were abroad late; but these excepted, the rest of the crop was got up in good order.—Beans are an average crop, and pretty well harvested.—Seed clovers have been very materially injured by the unfavourable season, the consequent effects of which will be felt in the spring.—Hemp turns out well, and has been sold at from 12 to 20l. per acre. The Earl of Shannon states, in a late communication to the Cork Agricultural Society, the expence and produce of *three* acres of Hemp at Castlemayr, by which his Lordship had *a clear profit* of 100l. 2s. 6d.—The Grasses of every description have continued to yield abundance of food. The Society of Arts has offered the gold medal to any person who shall discover a method, superior to any hitherto practised, of making meadow-hay in wet weather.—

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

Complaints of the Turnip crop are heard from many districts. In Yorkshire, they have been greatly injured by a grub which destroys the tap-root. Indeed, whole fields have been entirely demolished by this insect. In Essex too, the food, from a considerable number of acres, will be but scanty; and in Suffolk there is a deficiency of one-third of the crop. In Lancashire also they do ill on wet soils; and indeed many of the midland counties are similarly situated.—Potatoes rise well, and are an abundant crop, with some exceptions, but those are so few as not to occasion (except locally) any advance in the price.—The weather, within this last month, has been very fine for Wheat-seed, and very rapid progress has been made in this essential branch of husbandry. However, it is to be remarked, that on lighter soils the ploughs were stopped a little while, there not being a sufficient moisture for them to work on tenacious lands. For the best and cheapest mode of harrowing corn in wet weather, the Society of Arts has offered a gold medal.—The Lamb Fairs again have been very fully attended, and retain the same high price as we noted in our last publication; the South Down and Half-breds being eagerly sought after. Fat Mutton remains tolerably steady in price, fetching from 8d. and 8d. halfpenny to 9d. per lb. in some instances.—Fine Wools have not declined in value. A sale of Merino sheep took place in the month of June at Rambouillet, in France, when 69 rams and 84 ewes were disposed of. The former at the average price of 705 francs, and the latter at 433, which was considerably higher than what they brought last year. The amount of the sheep sold was 80,170 francs, and the produce of the wool 6,857, making a total of 87,320 francs. —Lean Beasts are selling as high as last month.—Lately, at Woolpit, in Suffolk, those in good condition, fit to go to turnips, after a little feeding in the eddishes, fetched 7s. per stone. At St. Faith's Fair, near Norwich, on the 16th of October, Beasts of this description sold at 7s. 6d. per stone; and Scotch and other Lean Cattle, in general, at both marts, were worth from 6s. to 6s. 6d. per stone, and even higher. Norwich Hill, which is a great weekly mart for the sale of cattle, has been very thinly supplied, during the last month, with both fat and store bullocks.—Lambs and Store Sheep, however, have appeared in great quantities, and also lean Hogs, the latter being bought at very high prices.—Horses continue excessively dear. At Dumfries Fair, September 27, those worthy notice were bought up before they could be publicly shewn, and others of the best kind were sold even three times over, at a considerable advance each time. At Bury Fair, October 2, they were extremely scarce, and obtained high prices. Birmingham Michaelmas Shew was very indifferently supplied. Howden Horse Shew about the same period, was attended by most of the largest London and Country dealers, who bought up such colts as were likely to make good hunters, roadsters, and coach-horses at most amazing high sums. Similar accounts are received from Spalding, Stirbitch, and Thorney. At the latter fair, a dealer gave 55l. for a two-year old black colt; and at Holbeach Shew, a grazier was offered 346 guineas for eight young horses, which were sold at 350.—Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, at his annual agricultural meeting at Wynstay in Wales, expressed his conviction, from *the trials* he had made, that the native breed of cattle of the higher parts of Denbigh and Carnarvonshire, crossed by the Scotch breed, which may be bought at Brough, in Westmoreland, would prove extremely advantageous to the Principality, as being capable of sustaining the greatest hardships, enduring better the inclemencies of the weather, and showing a greater disposition to fatten, than those now grazed in the Principality.—The Earl of Dundonald has engaged a worsted-mill, near Canterbury, for the purpose of establishing a new manufactory. From an address circulated by his Lordship, it appears he has formed the design of enabling the county of Kent, by working up *its own* wool, to *rival*, in the worsted hosiery trade, the counties of Leicester, Nottingham, part of Warwick, and Derby, to which districts that branch of trade has hitherto been confined.

COSTUME

ANCIENT.

WITH the view of agreeably diversifying our exhibition of Costume, we present our fair readers with another specimen of the attire of a Grecian Lady, from Mr. Thomas Hope's "Costume of the Ancients," which we presume may also be useful to painters, poets, theatrical performers, and artists of every description. The lady is habited in the tunica and peplum, and wears the tiara head-dress; for a more detailed account of which, we refer our readers to our former extracts from the classical Work of Mr. T. Hope.

MODERN.

EVENING DRESS.

Head dress à la Grec—White satin dress with long sleeves, ornamented round the bosom, and bottom of the dress, with gold trimming—Necklace of pearls—White kid gloves, and white satin shoes, with small gold rosettes.—A royal purple velvet mantle, lined with yellow satin, and trimmed with ermine, and tassels of blue silk at each end.

REPORT OF DISEASES

IN THE PRACTICE OF A PHYSICIAN TO A PUBLIC MEDICAL INSTITUTION, FROM THE 20TH OF SEPTEMBER TO THE 20TH OF OCTOBER 1809.

ACUTE DISEASES.	
Typhus	1
Synochus	3
Scarlatina Anginosa	4
Catarrhus	2
Peripneumonia	1
Rheumatismus Acutus	2
Tertianus	1
Morbi Infantiles	6
CHRONIC DISEASES.	
Phthisis Pulmonalis	5
Tussis et Dyspnœa	25
Pleurodyne	10
Asthma	2
Asthenia	6
Hydrocephalus Internus	1
Anasarca	3
Ascites	1
Dyspepsia	6
Colica	3
Gastrodynia	3
Enterodynia	4
Diarrhœa	7
Dysenteria	3
Ascarides	2
Tænia	1
Chorea	1
Hysteria	1
Lumbago	3
Rheumatismus Chronicus	7
Cephalalgia & Vertigo	6
Scorbutus	1
Insania	1
Abortus	2
Amenorrhœa	2
Menorrhagia	1

One of the complaints most frequently recorded in these Reports, is Dyspepsia.—Though often symptomatic of other diseases, it sometimes exists when no other complaint is present, and may therefore properly be ranked among idiopathic diseases. It is not so immediately dangerous as it is distressing. The patient it uneasy, depressed in mind, devoid of energy, feels himself ailing, but not ill enough to relinquish entirely his usual pursuits, which he still attempts to follow, though with impaired

power. His appetite fails, at times he is affected with nausea and even vomiting, pain in the stomach, eructation, heart-burn, and sense of fulness, whilst the bowels are constipated. The action of the heart is occasionally interrupted, and the patient is alarmed on discovering that his pulse is irregular and intermitting. If he possess a smattering of medical lore, he is very apt to suppose himself affected with enlargement or ossification of heart. Literary men, and those whose occupations are of a sedentary nature, suffer much from this complaint: and especially those who are very anxious—"Senes ut in otia trita recedant,"—whom "neque hyems, ignis, mare, ferrum," divert from the eager, unremitting pursuit of gain. Long fasting, and long sitting at table, intemperance, the depressing passions, conduce much to produce Dyspepsia; and, when once habitual, whatever be the rank of the patient, though surrounded by the most inviting forms of luxury, gifted with genius and accomplishments, he can have little real enjoyment of life. Of him it may be justly said,

> "Il a tout, il a l'art de plaire,
> Mais il n'a rien s'il ne digere."

The treatment of this complaint is simple, and chiefly consists in removing the patient from the influence of the exciting causes. This, however, is difficult to effect; few men will relinquish their dearest pursuits, till they are absolutely incapable of continuing them; and scarcely do they feel the sweets of returning health, when they revert to their former habits with increased ardour. The healthy action of the stomach is best restored by a moderate course of chalybeates, mild vegetable bitters, neutral salts, and occasionally a brisk cathartic.—Emetics may sometimes be necessary; but, from the violence of the operation, and the injurious effects which they sometimes occasion, their use demands great attention.—The waters of Cheltenham, of Malvern, and of Tunbridge, together with the change of scene, of air, and of habits, which a journey to those places effects, are, in many cases, highly beneficial. Discontinuing the use of a close carriage, and riding on horseback, will assist digestion better than stimulating medicines and high-seasoned viands: the simplest diet unquestionably is most conducive to health:

> "Plain boil'd and roast—still ev'ry day the same,
> With nothing *French*—either in sauce or name."

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